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WHO CARES ABOUT TWENTY-ONE PEOPLE blown to pieces by the explosions at the Lake Denmark naval munitions depot? Certainly the Rotary Club of Dover, N. J., does not seem overly concerned. After the towns and countryside about Dover had been blasted to pieces by high explosives ignited by lightning Senator Edge demanded the removal of such explosives from any inhabited area. He was confronted with a telegram from the Rotary Club of Dover indorsed by the American Legion and the Kiwanis Club. It asked him to stop his efforts to remove the powder stores because it might injure Dover business! Prosperity plus explosions—"he profits most who serves best." But why be shocked by the philosophy of the Dover Rotary Club? Were not those shells which tore up twenty-one people intended to tear up many times twenty-one human beings in the next war?

POOR PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is having a strenuous vacation. A mere President might be allowed to lounge in peace in an Adirondack camp, but the candidate for renomination is forced to brave the man-eating mountain mosquitoes in order to live down that impolitic remark made a year ago about his inability to understand how grown men could spend all day hauling fish out of a brook.

The piscatorial barrage of the Presidential press-agents has been impressive. Surely the remark is forgotten. The dear old public will henceforth enjoy its picture of an economical Izaak Walton enjoying his vacation in the wilderness. Did not Economy Cal again refuse to ride in a special car, in order to impress the people with the need for saving? Only a few correspondents blurted out that the economical common car was attached to a Presidential special train. So the camouflage goes on. Is there not one man among this journalistic crew with courage and wits to tell the truth? The President is slipping, and he knows it. Three months ago he induced his Attorney General's law partner, Mr. Stickney, to make the race for the Republican Senatorship from Vermont against Senator Dale, who had incurred Presidential disapproval. And now Mr. Stickney resigns—in Senator Dale's favor. What does it mean? Simply that even in his native State the President cannot carry a candidate to victory. Senator Cummins is right: Mr. Coolidge is likely to decide before 1928 that he does not want a renomination after all.

TARIFF LOBBYISTS were conspicuous in the Chicago convention which nominated Calvin Coolidge to the Presidency. Tariff lobbyists and beneficiaries were conspicuous in the debauchery of the Pennsylvania primaries. Now let us keep an eye on the Tariff Commission, packed by Mr. Coolidge with high protectionist handy men. Will the commission increase the rate on pig iron, to replenish the purses of the Pennsylvania corruptionists? The rate on aluminum is already high enough to reimburse Secretary Mellon in short order for his outgo on behalf of Senator Pepper's fruitless and costly campaign. But there are the farmers to placate if possible, in view of the Coolidge-Mellon-Pepper opposition to the Haugen bill. Will anything be done about the customs duty on sweet and sour milk, perhaps, to please the dairymen of Wisconsin before the September primary? Will the rate be increased on linseed oil, to fill the coffers of the small group of flax-seed crushers—including Mr. Mellon—and to bemuse the flax farmers in Nebraska and Kansas, the Dakotas, Iowa, and Nebraska? These subsidies come from the pockets of the voter, and every one who votes may well watch, and ponder the relation between the tariff and graft in our national politics.

ANDREW MELLON, millionaire Secretary of the United States Treasury, and J. Pierpont Morgan, head of the most powerful banking firm in history, have sailed together for "vacations" in Europe; Governor Strong of the American Federal Reserve Bank of New York and Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, are conferring in France; the King of Belgium, serving as a smoke-screen for a commission of bankers, has been granted dictatorial decree powers with respect to finance in Belgium; while the French Chamber has refused similar powers to the Briand-Caillaux Government of that country, and it has accordingly fallen. These news items may appear unrelated; they are not. The franc is tumbling, and it is likely to stop tum-

bling only when France agrees, directly or indirectly, to accept control by the international financiers who are today the real rulers of the world. M. Caillaux asked Parliament to abdicate—to grant him full powers to do by decree whatever seemed to him wise. The Left refused, because it did not believe in dictatorship; the Right, because, while eager for dictatorship, it hated M. Caillaux. Now M. Herriot, leader of the moderate Left, will attempt to form a Cabinet. That he or anyone can long hold office with the present inchoate Parliament seems unlikely. For France must do one of two things—shoulder the burden of unprecedentedly heavy taxes, perhaps even of a capital levy, or obtain a loan by accepting the control of the international bankers. The succession of crises reveals the old forms of political democracy struggling to maintain themselves against the new financial super-Powers.

THE CHURCHES OF GREAT BRITAIN have thrown their weight to the miners' side of the coal strike. Backed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the established and free churches have proposed that the miners return to work at the old wages and hours for four months with the help of a government subsidy, and that at the end of the four months they accept arbitration of the wage question. This would give time to launch a reorganization of the coal industry concurrently with a reduction of wages. The miners have accepted the proposal; the Government has refused. The refusal places the Government in an unpopular position since the continuation of the coal strike may cost the country much more than a four months' subsidy. The encouraging thing about the crisis is that the churches are not taking the refusal of the Government meekly; they have become aroused to their moral responsibility for the miners' suffering. They are seizing a magnificent opportunity to justify their own professions of social justice.

SOVIET RUSSIA SEEMS still to be an abnormal country: it has railways which make a profit. What is more, they are state-owned. The Moscow Finance Commissariat announces that despite the loss of 11,546 kilometers of the pre-war Russian railways to the Baltic states, new building has increased the total tracks in operation to 73,928—actually 3,529 more kilometers than before the war and revolution. More than 200 million passengers were carried in 1924-25, and the figure for the current year is estimated at 300 million. Wages, too, are rising; but it is difficult for an outsider to understand how railwaymen live, even if their monthly pay envelopes have swollen from an average of \$16 in 1923-24 to \$29 in March of this year. However, other news indicates that Russia is not so different after all. "Doug" and "Mary" have just visited the Soviet capital, and the movie-mad mobs there were as passionately enthusiastic as those of Madrid, London, or Los Angeles.

THE NEW RAILROAD LABOR ACT is justly hailed as a forward step in industrial adjustment because it accepts the workers' right to bargain collectively through representatives and organizations of their own choosing. If the law had been in existence three years ago the Pennsylvania and other railroads could never have destroyed the shopmen's union and installed a company union with a minority of employees. But President Coolidge has done much to discredit the operation of the new act by making the new

Board of Mediation a dumping-place for deserving capitalists and defeated Republicans. With a host of industrial experts to pick from he chose as the two leading members of the Mediation Board former Congressman Samuel E. Winslow of Massachusetts, a manufacturer, banker, and corporation director, and Edwin P. Morrow, faithful Republican, ex-governor of Kentucky. This Mediation Board is important in railroad disputes because it appoints the odd member of any arbitration committee in case the company and the union cannot agree on a third party. Under the regulations the railroad representative can throw the choice into the hands of the Mediation Board by refusing to agree on a third member. So President Coolidge has stacked the cards against labor, and further discredited the theory that the "public" is a neutral third party in labor disputes.

FOR THE CRIME of carrying on a strike in 1924, forty-four members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, thirty-eight of them women, were imprisoned last month in the Cook County jail in Chicago for periods varying from ten to sixty days. Many of the women have young children dependent on them; two have children less than a year old. One woman returned from a Colorado sanitarium to serve her sentence. The charge was contempt of court, in violating injunctions which in effect made it illegal for a striker or a strike sympathizer to be on the same street with a strike-breaker. Judge Denis E. Sullivan issued three injunctions of this nature, although there was no need for such drastic action. The report to the mayor of a citizens' committee thus describes the situation:

The large majority of workers who were in the streets are women, certainly numbering under two hundred in the vicinity of Market and Jackson streets. To insure peace there were present in this same region over thirty uniformed police, thirty-six plain-clothes detectives from State's Attorney Crowe's office, and well over twenty-five private detectives. The following statements as to the behavior of the agents of the law apply with few exceptions.

There follows a list of charges against these agents of the law of "profane, abusive, and obscene language," of violent handling of strikers and passers-by, and of wholesale arrests. The defense of law and order was directed chiefly by the special officers hired by State's Attorney Crowe. Mr. Crowe came up for reelection during the strike. One of his chief claims to worthiness, as he stated in a form letter which he sent to employers in the city, was his activity in preserving order in the strike.

IN AN ERA of commercialized newspapers, when editorial policies are syndicated, it takes more than moderate courage to stand for the old and honorable tradition of independence which once animated the profession of journalism. Two brave editors have received the violent thanks of the powers they attacked. Sudden death was the reward of Donald R. Mellett, editor of the Canton, Ohio, *Daily News*. He had been carrying on a vigorous editorial fight against the laxity of the police in dealing with vice in the town. Shots out of the dark near the garage of his home put an end to his campaign. George R. Dale, editor of the Muncie, Indiana, *Post-Democrat*, has lost everything but his life in a four-year fight against the Ku Klux Klan, which has fastened itself on the government of Muncie and of Delaware County. Dale tells of being attacked four years ago

by three masked Klansmen. In the battle he wrested a revolver from one of them and shot him; no investigation followed. Instead came a series of charges against Dale, for carrying arms, for liquor violations, for libel, for contempt of a Klan-ridden court. Legally squeezed dry of all his resources, he now awaits review by the United States Supreme Court of one of the cases of contempt. The State Supreme Court has declared that the truth of facts asserted in his editorial was no defense. It is less to be wondered at today that so many editors are tempted and fall than that men like Mellett and Dale stand and suffer for their principles.

THE VASSAR JOURNAL OF UNDERGRADUATE STUDIES affords new evidence of the tendency on the part of at least a section of the student body in American colleges to develop that capacity for independent effort which transforms the pupil into the scholar. The items included in the first number range all the way from the almost inevitable study of Bernard Shaw to an article on The Crystal Structure of Metallic Tellurium and Selenium, and though it would be too much to expect complete maturity throughout most of the articles do satisfy the requirements laid down by the editorial board to the effect that each must either make a contribution, "however modest," to scholarship, furnish for the specialist a synthesis from hitherto uncollated material, or set forth some new and interesting point of view. Such a journal is an admirable pedagogic device which might well be imitated by other colleges. It sets up an extra-classroom standard and that, as every teacher knows, is a necessity for the development of work ever approaching professional excellence.

BARON BENNO VON SIEBERT'S DEATH in Florence is worthy of more than passing notice in relation to the development of our present knowledge of the documents which have revolutionized the theory of war-guilt. As secretary of the Russian Embassy in London he made a copy of all the communications which passed between London and St. Petersburg between 1908 and 1914. A portion of these, published during the course of the World War, constituted the first considerable body of evidence in refutation of the Entente Epic. A large number of these documents were never published and remained in Siebert's possession until his death. Their future disposition is a matter of real importance to students of the war-guilt problem. One of the most interesting things in Siebert's career was his clash with Poincaré. In January, 1922, Poincaré declared the most compromising parts of the Izvolski-Sazonov correspondence to be a forgery. The Neutral Commission for the Investigation of War Guilt, with its headquarters in Sweden, invited Poincaré to submit his proofs of the forgery to be considered along with Siebert's evidence for their genuineness. Poincaré never replied to the invitation.

TWO WOMEN with characters that broke through the straitjackets of conventional living have just died. One was Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Dissatisfied with the intellectualism of the New England in which she grew up, she and her author-husband, George Parsons Lathrop, entered the Catholic church, and after his death in 1898 she joined the Dominican nuns. She gave herself to the work for incurable cancer patients which, beginning modestly in Cherry Street, New

York City, leaves its landmark in the impressive home now building at Hawthorne, New York. Gertrude Bell was like Mother Alphonsa only in the vigor of her personality. Forty years ago she began her wanderings in Arabia and, often disguised as an Arab woman, penetrated where not even white men had been before. Like Colonel Lawrence she played a vivid part in the dark history of war-time intrigue in the Arabian peninsula, and her tea-room in Bagdad was reputed to be more truly the seat of power than the British High Commissioner's office. She leaves her life-mark in the new British empire in Irak—which desert heat and desert passion are likely to sweep away long before Mother Alphonsa's bricks begin to crumble.

IN COLONEL CHARLES A. WILLIAMS the United States Army lost a soldier who belied the theory that all army officers must be militarists. A quarter century ago, as governor of the Sulu archipelago in the Philippine tropics, he set the army an example which went unheeded. One Sunday a crazed Moro, sworn to attain heaven by killing Christians, slipped inside the walls of Jolo, his barong hidden in his girdle. Before he was stopped he had wounded a dozen soldiers and six American bullets had entered his body. The shots, heard in the Moro village outside the walls, started a rumor that the Americans were beginning a holy war. In a few minutes a thousand mad Moros, knives in hand, were yelling at the gates. Colonel Williams did not order the machine-guns on the walls to wipe them out. He bade his family goodby, disregarded the assurances of his staff that Moros understood only force, and, unarmed and accompanied only by an interpreter, opened the great barred gates and had them barred behind him. He told the rabid Moro mob the cause of the shots, invited the chiefs to come inside with him, and turned over the body to them for honorable burial. Life in Jolo continued peacefully. In those days Colonel Williams and his friends traveled freely about the island of Jolo. The later policy of force made it unsafe for Americans to travel outside the walled city. If only Wood and Pershing and the rest had been like Williams!

PESSIMISTS WILL BE RELIEVED to learn that we need not wait until the extinction of the sun to bring about the end of the world. The source of the energy poured off from that orb remains so much of a mystery that it is impossible to predict with any degree of exactitude just how long it will last, but if we accept the conclusions of an elaborate series of experiments performed by the late Professor Maquenne and recently made public our days are numbered as the result of another process of nature. Plant life, of course, depends upon the carbon dioxide in the air and, difficult as it may be for fresh-air fiends to believe, the amount of carbon dioxide is steadily diminishing. The supply which volcanoes, active in the world's youth, poured into the air is being gradually fixed by the plants, and that now supplied by the burning of coal is not sufficient to maintain the balance. When the available supply has been reduced to one-fifth its present volume all vegetation and along with it all animal life will perish—exterminated by the too great purity of the air. We might add, however, that the present generation need not alarm itself or even cease to make preparations for its immediate progeny. Professor Maquenne gives us two hundred and twenty trillion centuries yet to live.

Competition—1926 Model

MR. O. H. CHENEY, in a recent number of the *Nation's Business*, has given us a careful and withal a lively outline of the new twists and turns in the growth of competition. This outline deserves careful attention. Those who took Economics 4 in college will have some difficulty in recognizing their old friends. Competition, according to the textbooks, took place between the same planes in the industrial flow from natural resource to consumer. Coal mine competed with coal mine, railroad with railroad, soap manufacturer with soap manufacturer, grocery wholesaler with grocery wholesaler, retail shoe-store with retail shoe-store. It was a knock-down-and-drag-out affair, but at least you had the satisfaction of knowing whom you were fighting. It was that short-changer Smith in the next block. Nowadays the sky is full of new, hidden, and terrible thunderbolts. Hustling chain-stores, as impersonal as weighing-machines, home-to-home canvassers, mail-order campaigns, instalment sellers, trade-association drives, boomers, boosters, yodelers for this and that, resident buyers, "endless-chain" operators are upsetting consumer-buying habits, making consumers call for strange products, strangely named (mostly with words ending in "um") and carried on the spearpoint of national advertising, aye, even shifting population as the "Southland calls."

The steady excess of returns to capital over returns to labor of the past generation, and particularly since 1914, has resulted in a vast excess of industrial plant capacity over normal demand. The amazing growth in the technical arts has provided the machines and the means for turning out goods on the principle of mass production very much faster than purchasing power, as liberated under the going financial mechanism, can absorb them. The owners of this surplus equipment naturally hate to see it standing idle, eating its head off in depreciation and fixed charges. And so the psychological stage is set for what Mr. Cheney calls "distributive pressure," the frenzied convulsions of business men to find markets and outlets for their products. It is this pressure which has burst through the textbook description of normal competitive economics at a hundred points, turned the whole process upside down and inside out, and created the new competition.

Mr. Cheney divides the new competition into five main classes, as follows:

1. Intra-industrial competition. Manufacturers compete with wholesalers by selling direct to the retailer; they compete with the retailer by selling direct to the consumer. Retailers compete with wholesalers by organizing buying associations; wholesalers compete with retailers by organizing chain stores. Chain stores and wholesalers compete with manufacturers by starting their own manufacturing plants. In this uproar distributors may find themselves suddenly with excess capacity, thus creating a "merchandising vacuum," which results in a clamor for more goods at a quicker turnover. The stream turns and runs uphill. The pulling force to attract goods instanter leads the manufacturer back to his sources of raw materials and supplies. He wants to control them; he does control them; the vertical trust moves a step nearer.

2. Inter-commodity competition. You are sick of paying rent and want to make yourself sicker by building

a house. The Associated Lumber Manufacturers move down on you, closely followed by the Face Brick Association, while the Pink Quartz Stone Fraternity lands in an airplane. Your roof is a bloody struggle between the embattled National Slate, Red Shingles, Sewer Pipe Tile, Sun-kissed Kopper, Sea-Green Zinc, and Tar associations. Who ever heard of a lumber dealer doing anything but lambaste another lumber dealer? Now they kiss each other and form a trade association with a ten-million-dollar publicity fund to make the American populace lumber-conscious. The cotton men fight the wool men, and the silk men fight both. The oil men advance upon the coal men, and the water-power men swat both. Trade associations were unthinkable under the old competition—except at an annual banquet where each dealer brought his own chemist—but today distributive pressure has become strong enough to heal the ancient feuds to the point at least of getting together and walloping the gang with an alternative commodity to sell.

3. Inter-industrial competition. This is the most recent of the new forces, and, in the opinion of Mr. Cheney, the most important. It is also the least understood. It is competition of an industry for as much as it can get of the national income. Purchasing power being limited, and there being far more plants than can be kept busy, it devolves upon each industry to grab all the purchasing power it can before the supply runs out. This is not lumber against bricks, but lumber against every other industry on the economic map. Make 'em lumber-conscious, shoe-conscious, straw-hat-conscious, white-tooth-conscious, bad-breath-conscious, silk-shirt-conscious, personality-perfume-conscious, four-door-conscious, davenport-conscious, anything-conscious—before the consumer's bank account becomes unconscious. If you cannot sell him on this year's wages, take a mortgage on next year's wages—and lo! the sky is black with instalment contracts. "The automobile boys put it over, why can't we?" The answer is, We do—to the tune of five billion dollars.

4. Inter-community competition. The plaintive yells of realtors, backed by local trade associations, to get people out of Yaptown into Papptown; the indignant answering yells of the Papptown men of vision; the brotherly exchange of pleasantries between, say, California and Florida.

5. International economic competition. If you cannot sell it at home, can't you dump it abroad? With a dozen nations equipped with excess plant capacity, this question leads to lively times; and to the subcellars of diplomacy. When a certain pitch of liveliness is reached, men prepare to make the world safe for democracy—or for whatever other slogan comes handy.

Mr. Cheney is big enough and wise enough to see the waste, folly, and possible social calamity which the new competition entails. He sees excess plant capacity as its root cause. But he does not see—or at least he does not say—that money in terms of use and want has broken down; a mere paper thing, a medium of exchange, is destroying us, and the most elementary common sense calls for a new orientation to neutralize the new competition. One suspects that a liberation of purchasing power is the key to that orientation, but one looks in vain for business leadership in that direction.

The Smell of Rubber

WHEN rubber burns it stinks. And when it gets into international politics it stinks. And the present hullabaloo about separating the Moros from the rest of the Philippines in the interest of the American rubber corporations stinks to high heaven.

Carmi Thompson, of the old "Ohio gang," is now in the Philippines surveying political and economic conditions there as "special representative" of President Coolidge. His official status is ambiguous. When, last spring, the Senate asked Secretary Mellon whether any funds were available to cover his expenses—a staff of forty "experts" is reported to be with him—Mr. Mellon replied that he knew of none. Is the economical Mr. Coolidge paying for the junket out of his own budget? If not, who is? Is the War Department financing this convenient cruise, which keeps a capricious politician out of Ohio for the preelection period, and, if so, on what basis?

Whoever pays Mr. Thompson's expenses the purpose of his mission is already plain. It is to save the Philippines for rubber. "I hope you gentlemen in your wisdom will find a way to open, primarily for the benefit of your people, the public lands in your rubber section," he told the Filipino Legislature. The Filipinos, we gather, are by oppressive legislation keeping the rubber lands undeveloped, and in the interest of the starving Ford-owners of the world their rubber must be developed.

The trouble is with Sections 23 and 34 of Act 2874 of the Philippine Legislature, which provide that not more than 1,024 hectares of the public lands shall be sold nor more than an equal amount leased to any single individual or corporation. This is the restriction which, we are told, is holding up the greatest rubber development in history. That may be, but 1,024 hectares are 2,530 acres, approximately four square miles, and it would seem that with four square miles purchased and another four square miles under a twenty-five-year renewable lease an ordinary rubber corporation should be able to do well enough. But the rubber corporations are not satisfied; they want land by the hundred or thousand square miles.

These restrictive clauses are not products of a Filipino brain. They have come down in the Filipino statutes from the days when William Howard Taft, now Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was Governor General and very nearly czar of the Philippines. They are part and parcel of the conservation era of American history. In that remote period two decades ago American statesmen did not believe in giving away the natural resources of a nation for a song; they believed in keeping them until such time as they could be developed by small settlers or by the nation for the benefit of the mass. The Filipinos absorbed the lesson while we were forgetting it; hence the present-day difficulties of the rubber magnates. Yet Mr. Thompson, it is not rash to predict, will recommend a change.

Naturally the Filipinos fear the development of huge rubber empires within their territory. Naturally they prefer small plantations. They know as well as the rubber companies what ghastly conditions of slavery have existed in the rubber areas of the Congo and Amazon forests. Decent Americans are with them in their determination not to permit such awful conditions to be repeated in the island of Mindanao. Huge feudal landholdings have no proper place in the twentieth century. But, alarmed by the per-

sistent propaganda of the rubber interests, the Filipinos are beginning to waver. Some of them propose to remove the restriction on the size of landholdings if they are assured of their independence. *The Nation* hopes that no such bribes will be needed for the fulfilment of the American pledge of Philippine independence.

Representative Robert L. Bacon of New York proposes to save rubber by separating the rubber islands from the rest of the Philippines and retaining them under closer American supervision. Here again a few facts demolish a ton of specious argument. The island of Mindanao, where the richest rubber lands lie, is no such Moslem unit as Mr. Bacon indicates. Even apart from the separately administered Christian province of Misamis, it had, at the last census, 222,260 Christian inhabitants, 272,902 Moslems, and 126,908 pagans. In all the settled portions the Christian population has been steadily increasing of late years, and, except in a few regions where Americans seem almost deliberately to have fomented antagonism, relations between the Christians and Moslems have been good. Racially there is no difference between them; the religious differences will persist, but with the increasing use of English as a medium of communication the old difficulties disappear. Moro declarations of desire for American rule made since the arrival of General Wood in the islands may be taken with a grain of salt; the same chieftains made equally convincing protestations of yearning for independence when Harrison was governor, and Hajji Buto, the Moro senator who is so constantly quoted in anti-Filipino propaganda, regularly votes for the annual independence resolution in the Filipino Legislature, and did so again the other day in the presence of Carmi Thompson.

It would be an ineradicable disgrace to America if she permitted her Philippine policy to be determined by rubber. Carmi Thompson's mission will bear close watching.

The King May Do Wrong

NOT one of the sufferers from the ghastly New Jersey explosion of a Navy munitions depot can sue the Government for damages. Our Government is still like the kings of old; in legal theory it can do no wrong; it cannot be sued. The only remedy is by private bills in Congress. But a change is due, for on June 10 the House of Representatives, without a dissenting voice, passed a bill providing that the United States Government may be sued for injuries which its officers or employees negligently inflict, in the course of their official employment, on private individuals. Heretofore the innocent victims of official wrongs have been left without redress, except against an irresponsible minor official—a flagrant denial of justice. The fact that practically every country of continental Europe had long abandoned this unjust position and freely permitted the Government to be sued in tort, made little impression on our Government, and to this day Attorney General Sargent labors under the erroneous impression that the immunity of the Government from suit is common to all countries.

What finally moved the House of Representatives was not chiefly the manifest justice of the Government assuming responsibility, like any other corporate employer, for injuries inflicted by its agents, but the fact that the immunity from suit did not relieve the Government from trouble and financial burden. Instead of legal complaints,

took political form. The victim got his Congressman to introduce a private bill, which was duly referred to the Claims Committee, and there became the football of political bickering and political luck. The success of the claim depended upon the forcefulness or influence of its proponent and upon political and other considerations having perhaps only a slight relation to the merits of the complaint. A judicial investigation by the committee was manifestly impossible. Even less possible was it for the House or Senate to pass upon the merits of the case. Yet days are taken by Senate and House in each session for the consideration of these private bills, concerning which only a very few members can have any knowledge. The success of a tort claims bill depended upon many factors other than merit. Uniformity of adjudication was of course out of the question.

Under the bill which passed the House property damages negligently inflicted by agents of the Government would be redressible under a systematic form of investigation and adjudication. Small claims under \$5,000 (probably to be reduced in conference to \$3,000) would be determinable in the executive departments directly responsible for the injury; claims above that amount would go to the courts. Personal-injury claims would go to the Employees Compensation Commission which has a definite practice and organized machinery for dealing with such cases. The responsibility of the Government for personal injury or death is limited to \$5,000, a limitation upon which the House insisted. This gave rise to a protest from Representative Celler of Brooklyn, on the ground that property was again being preferred over human life, but the limitation is explainable by the fear of exorbitant demands. The Senate had earlier in the session passed a bill limiting relief in any case to \$3,000 and giving jurisdiction exclusively to the respective executive departments. The two bills have gone to conference and probably at the December session a definite bill will be reported out and passed which will at last bring our law into line with that of most civilized countries. The horrible events in New Jersey should make the need of such a bill plain to the blindest, and this relic of medieval days when the king was held infallible and irresponsible should be discarded forever.

When Boswells Fall Out

IT will be remembered that Boswell did not speak with great tenderness of those who invaded his field, and in a similar manner those who claim to have enjoyed the intimacy of Anatole France are now falling upon one another. The ingenious Brousson, whose book, so it is said, was held in the press because its subject inconsiderately rallied at a time when it was reasonably anticipated that he would be dead, got there first; but the others, in possession of marketable scraps, have no intention of allowing him to be carried into immortality on his master's coat-tails if they can help it.

Three other books have reached America and though none refers by name to the author of "Anatole France en Pantoufles" two leave no doubt as to the opinion of the writer upon the subject of that gentleman and his fellows. Lewis May, France's English translator, contents himself with the happy epithet "backstairs Boswell," but Michel Corday, having failed, apparently, to learn urbanity from "the Master," delivers himself as follows: "The spy, the

scavenger, the emptier of cesspools, the sewerman perform their disagreeable office to earn their daily bread. But these people have not this excuse. They were earning their living before they began their foul work." And after canvassing the names of Judas, Tartufe, Nero, Messalina, and others he comes to the conclusion that "the perfect, the typical example of the blackguard did not exist until now." "Anatole France was this," says one; "Anatole France was that," shouts another; but unfortunately all are at pains to insist that though he was superficially affable to everyone there were few at whose assumptions of intimacy he did not laugh behind their backs, and so one is not without suspicion that he may be at this very moment joking with the illustrious shades about him at the nobodies who pretend to have known him so well.

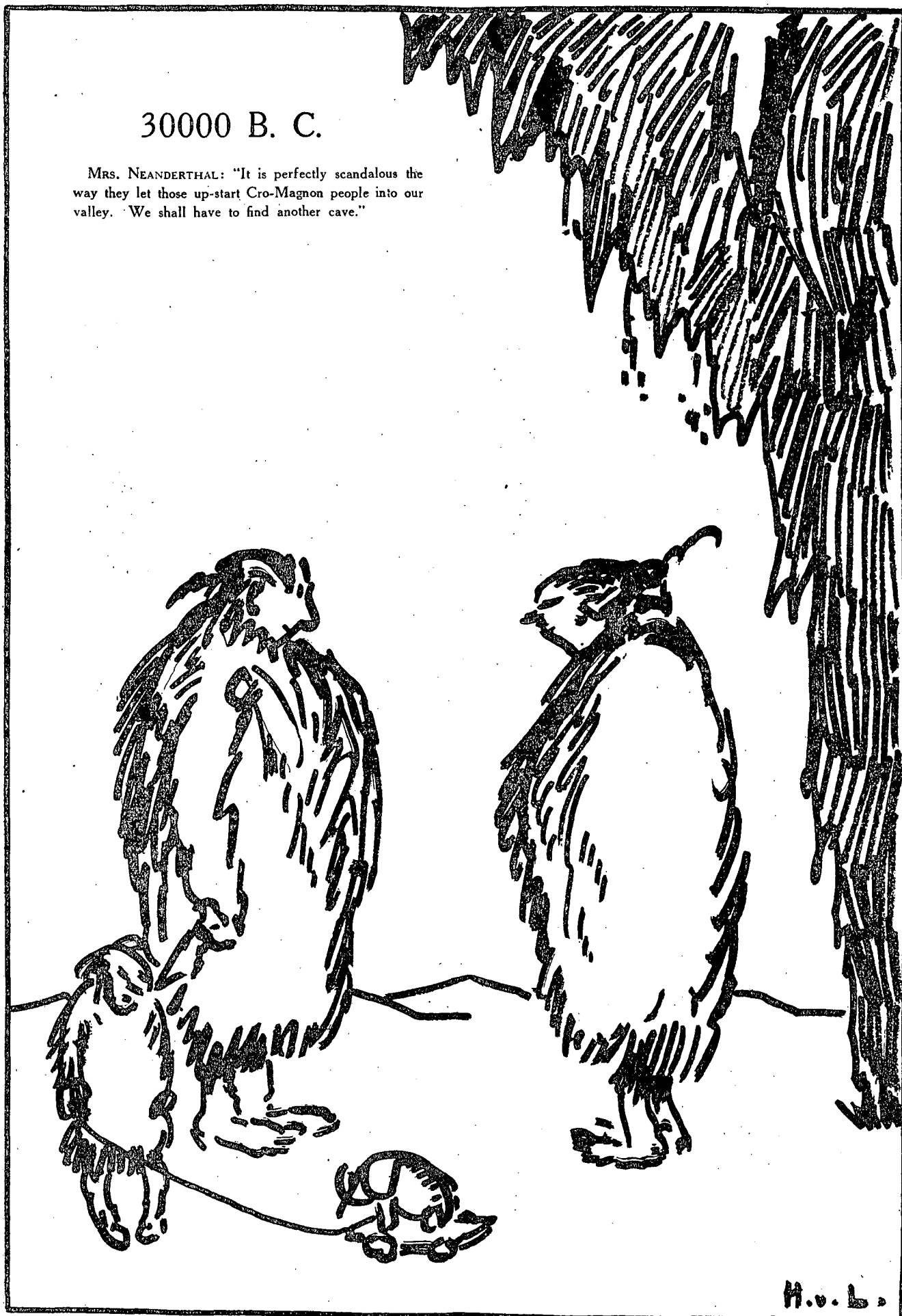
And yet, though none of the others is so wittily malicious as Brousson or so disregardful of the proprieties as he, they are all constrained to draw a portrait not essentially unlike his, and hence one not likely to encourage the formation of too respectable a legend. When a great heretic gathers a wide following there is always a tendency to explain at least half of him away. Rabelais and Voltaire have been disinfected for popular consumption, and it might not have been difficult to do the same for France but for these authentic anecdotes about the man himself—to have said that his scornful pessimism was only a garment and his fervent carnality only a *façon de parler*.

Thanks to the Boswells in general and to Brousson in particular we know that France practiced what he preached. From the pages of each book of conversation or reminiscences, whatever its particular emphasis, he emerges as the Epicurean he professed to be, and as an ardently practicing amorist as well. Perhaps the author of "The Song of Solomon" was only, as Origen has persuaded the world to believe, using highly metaphorical language about the church, and perhaps, as some have seriously maintained, Omar Khayyam was a teetotaling Sufi who celebrated nothing more potent than the wine of the spirit; but the unregenerate will be safe, as long as the fame of Anatole France endures, in the possession of one hero whose devotion to the world, the flesh, and the devil was no mere metaphor.

He himself had no desire to be admired for anything other than what he was. He despised "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," which enabled tender-minded people to like him, and to Nicolas Ségur he said: "The widespread clientele would not pursue me were it not for sundry misconceptions." Now, there are some people whom scandal does not become. To have spread the story of Wordsworth's illegitimate child would have been indiscreet, for it hardly fitted his professed character, but Anatole France had no desire to be renowned for virtues which he did not possess. He might not have relished the picture which Marcel Le Goff draws of him sitting in his Touraine retreat, too consistently an Epicurean to risk his safety by too outspoken opposition to the spirit of the war; perhaps, too, he might have squirmed a little at Brousson's exposure of certain petty human defects; but scandal in the ordinary sense could hardly touch him. "Think of it, my dear Master," said a friend, "old age isn't shown sufficient respect. We are treated as honorable and respectable old men: I'll be damned if I want to be honorable or respectable." "You may take my word for it," replied France, "that I am not delighted with the idea either," and his biographers seem likely to spare him this last indignity. It is just as well.

30000 B. C.

MRS. NEANDERTHAL: "It is perfectly scandalous the way they let those up-start Cro-Magnon people into our valley. We shall have to find another cave."



Man-Hunting on the Subway

By PAUL BLANSHARD

SIXTY-TWO striking workers of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York have been sued for \$239,000 for violation of their "yellow-dog" contracts with the company which bind them not to join an independent labor union. The company has asked for a sweeping injunction which, if granted, would place under a ban all strike meetings, all strike hand-bills, all peaceful persuasion of workers by strikers, and it might even restrain newspapers from encouraging the strike. The company has threatened to sue the New York *Graphic* for its harmless cartoon in support of the strikers which *The Nation* reproduces on this page. It asks that the homes and savings of the strikers be seized as payment for the fares lost by the company during the opening weeks of the strike.

So the Interborough has brought to New York the tactics of West Virginia. It is meeting with stubborn resistance; the strikers are not terrified by the legal assault. In the huge hall in the Bronx where their strike meetings are held they receive the bulky injunction threat with jeers; their cheerful Irish leader, Edward P. Lavin, waves it in the air and shouts to a great throng "This is a bluff, boys, a dirty, cheap bluff. It means we've got the company on the run." A roar of approval greets him from the floor. These men who run the trains are a buoyant gang, the kind of men who win wars. They are not experienced radicals like the needle-trades workers; in fact, they are more familiar with red cardinals than with red agitators. They are all insiders, many of them fighting their first labor battle led by their own local leaders. There is something pitiful and heroic in their isolation. The American Federation of Labor is not behind them; there is no fat union treasury for their relief. But they fight. Up on the platform the leader of the power-house men, who hasn't had time to shave in three days, waves his megaphone, and the chorus roars: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."

The justice of the strikers' demands is conceded even by hostile newspapers. Motormen and switchmen are striking for 75 cents and \$1 an hour in the most expensive city in the world. Motormen now get about \$36 a week and switchmen considerably less. "The wonder," says the New York *World*, "is not that 700 struck but that 14,000 remained loyal." Many of the subway employees work ten

hours a day seven days a week in the roar and heat of the crowd while their critics hurl epithets at them from the seashore. A guard receives \$4.04 to \$4.37 a day with no day off on pay. The platform men receive a maximum of \$4.62 for a ten-hour day. Workers who are sick lose their wages; workers who need a vacation occasionally get one—without pay.

Why do skilled men tolerate such conditions? One reason is that the Interborough is relatively poor. Another is that the public of New York is indifferent; it is willing to ride on the backs of the Interborough workers until the workers themselves make an effective protest. But why have not these workers made an effective protest before? Chiefly because the Interborough has built a protecting wall against labor discontent, a company union that provides with its elaborate mechanism a most significant study in the technique of strike-breaking.

When President Hedley smashed the old A. F. of L. union of Interborough workers in 1916 at a cost of over two million dollars the company presented to its employees the ingeniously constructed "Brotherhood of Interborough Rapid Transit Company Employees" and compelled every worker who applied for a job to sign the famous "yellow-dog" contract:

In conformity with the policy adopted by the Brotherhood and consented to by the Company, and as a condition of employment, I expressly agree that I will remain a member of the Brotherhood during the time that I am employed by the Company and am eligible to membership therein; that I am not and will not become identified in any manner with the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees of America, or with any other association of street railway or other employees. . . .

The constitution of the Interborough Brotherhood contains all the industrial-democracy jokers that characterize the company-union movement. There are at least five jokers plainly discernible in the constitution and its methods of enforcement. (1) The employees have no free choice of their collective bargaining machinery. If 99 per cent of them become disgusted with the brotherhood and quit its meetings, the company may continue to deal with the remaining 1 per cent as representative. (2) All matters of



From the New York Evening Graphic, July 7, 1926

Remember!

"discipline and efficiency" rest with the company. What are matters of discipline and efficiency? Anyone experienced in the industrial struggle knows how simple it is to discharge labor leaders as "inefficient" unless the workers can force review by some impartial person of *all* discipline cases. (3) Mass action is prevented by splitting up the Interborough workers into locals without any general meetings. During the strike the policy has been to suspend all meetings; the company does not dare to allow its employees to gather together to face the strike issue. Those attempting to attend irregular meetings are discharged. (4) There is continual petty bribery of company-union officials by special favors from the firm: reduced hours with pay, pictures in the company's house organ, and the like. This is accompanied by constant spying among the men and reports to superiors against the vigorous anti-company leaders. One worker put it this way: "If any stranger comes along and asks you, 'How's conditions?' you've got to answer: 'Fine. Greatest place in the world to work.' And if you don't answer that way, who knows, you may be talking to a company spy, and when you get to your terminal that night the boss may stop you off and say, 'What are you doing, Harry? Ain't you satisfied? Guess you better look around for another opening if you don't like it here!'" (5) The company union has stripped the workers of their power. Under it they cannot strike and they cannot unite with any national body which can supply strike funds. Nominally, the company must arbitrate disputes with its employees but the employees have no weapon powerful enough to compel the company to carry out an award in good faith.

The company union as a strike-breaker serves two purposes. It provides deceptive pro-company publicity and it can be used as a legal springboard for injunctions. The Interborough strike is a battle between a small minority of the underpaid employees who dare to fight for better conditions, and the company. By the device of the company union President Hedley has been able to picture the strike as a fight within the labor world between a minority group of strikers and a majority of loyal workers. He accom-

plished the crowning audacity of refusing to arbitrate with the strikers because his company union wouldn't permit it. Of course the workers were not called together to vote on this question of arbitration.

In asking for an injunction with damages from the Interborough strikers President Hedley is coupling the two most hated weapons of the employing class, the company union and the "yellow-dog" contract. This combination makes the Interborough strike of national importance. If it is possible to rob men of their savings for joining a union in New York, what may not be done by this combination in Nevada or Los Angeles? The company's case is plausible. It says in effect: The majority of our employees have formed a labor organization of their own. The organization has decided to make itself exclusive; no workers can enter the employ of the company without signing a contract to accept its exclusive jurisdiction in industrial disputes. If employees resist the majority and declare a strike they are violating a sacred contract and must be restrained by injunctions and punished by damage suits.

The one weakness in the logic of the Interborough is the nature of the contract which workers are compelled to sign. The worker who signs it in order to get work is not a free agent no matter how many times ancient judges may say that he is. He is an economic dependent forced to submit to superior power just as a helpless pedestrian submits to the robber who points a gun at his heart. This common-sense interpretation of the "yellow-dog" contract may not win the support of the Supreme Court at the present time but it is the only interpretation that is workable in the industrial world. No company in the history of American industrial struggles has been able to collect damages from workers for striking, whether they signed pledges against striking or not. In the much-cited Danbury Hatters' case the strikers were punished not for striking against a contract but for secondary boycott of inter-State shipments of goods. We cannot buy workers as commodities while they are on the job and then hold them responsible for the conduct of industry as soon as they go on strike.

Oil and the Wheels of Justice

By JOHN BILLINGS, JR.

OIL lubricates everything but the wheels of justice. Mixed with money and poured into the court machine, it can so gum the works that the only output is an increased public contempt for the administration of the law.

Twenty-five months ago indictments charging bribery and conspiracy were returned by a District of Columbia grand jury against former Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, Harry F. Sinclair, and Edward L. Doheny. These criminal charges were a direct outgrowth of the disclosures made by a Senate committee investigating the leasing of naval oil reserves at Elk Hills, California, and Teapot Dome, Wyoming. A year later, when the Government seemed about to be cheated out of its prosecution of this ex-cabinet officer and the two multi-millionaire oil promoters, additional indictments for conspiracy were brought against the trio.

And during this two-year lapse of time not one of the defendants has been brought to trial before a jury. Not

one word of evidence has been taken as to their guilt or innocence. They are, in effect, as free today as they were when they negotiated these secret leases behind sealed doors in the Interior Department. Their case represents a shocking example of the law's breakdown into hopeless delay—when wealth and powerful influences are brought directly to bear.

These last twenty-five months have been frittered away on one of the strangest mockeries of justice ever observed in the courts of the national capital. An endless series of technical appeals, demurrers, special pleas, and so forth, has served to muffle the real issues in these criminal cases. The whole purpose of the defense was plainly to stave off a jury trial until public interest waned, until important witnesses scattered or died, until something developed to obviate a direct court encounter on fundamental facts.

Ordinary men cannot bend the courts so forcibly to their will. Every-day criminal trials in the District of

Columbia go forward with a reasonable degree of celerity. You never hear of a plain defendant squeezing such incredible "benefits" from the courts as a two-year delay before even so much as entering a pleading. But this oil case is "different." Sinclair and Doheny are rich and influential. Fall was a good Republican, and political factors are even now at work trying to shield him from the awful glare of a jury trial.

About Washington the oil scandals have been relegated to the limbo of forgotten political issues. Interest in their prosecution has petered out in the newspapers. The details have become blurred in the public mind, thus giving the defense lawyers a free opportunity to employ their Fabian tactics under cover of a colossal popular apathy.

There is in the District of Columbia a tricky law relating to appeals which will not be found in any other jurisdiction. This law, permitting an immediate appeal from an interlocutory order in the local Supreme Court to the Court of Appeals, afforded defense counsel a means of blocking prosecution indefinitely. Thus, as in the case of the second indictments, for instance, the lower court overruled a motion to quash and, instead of ordering the defendants to trial, permitted them to take this ruling to the higher court at once for review. Nine months were lost in such an irrelevant appeal, which in any other jurisdiction would simply have been noted in the record and considered in a final appeal after conviction.

This practice could have been continued until Doheny, Sinclair, and Fall, to say nothing of the judges and lawyers, were all in their graves, had not Congress on the last day of the session changed the law, by prohibiting such appeals from interlocutory orders. This change did not come until Representative William R. Wood of Indiana, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, had exerted all his efforts to kill the legislation. Wood is closely associated with the lawyers who are defending Sinclair, Doheny, and Fall. He was able to block the bill temporarily, even though he admitted he had never read it. In the end Chairman Graham of the House Judiciary Committee whipped the measure through in the face of spluttering opposition.

Perhaps this new law will help. Perhaps, as defense counsel are now secretly boasting, it will give them another peg for further appeals and delays.

On June 30, 1924, Fall was indicted for accepting a bribe—the \$100,000 in the little black bag—and Doheny was indicted for giving one. Fall and Sinclair and Fall and Doheny were likewise indicted for conspiracy to defraud the Government. The country, still sweating from the excitement of the Senate's oil investigation, braced itself for further thrills in the trials. Here is the court record of what actually happened:

July 7, 1924. Consolidating all four indictments, the defense filed pleas in abatement, contending that an unauthorized person in the grand-jury room had vitiated the documents.

August 12, 1924. Another plea in abatement, contending that Senator Walsh had made a prejudicial radio address while the grand jury was sitting. To these pleas the Government countered, doing its best to prevent the defense from tangling the issues of the cases on sheer technicalities.

January 23, 1925. Argument on these pleas before the local Supreme Court.

April 3, 1925. The Supreme Court quashed the indictments. Government counsel were forced to take an appeal to the Court of Appeals.

May 30, 1925. Fearful that these delays would cause the statute of limitations to run against the oil cases, the Government procured two new indictments, charging Fall and Sinclair and Fall and Doheny with conspiracy.

November 3, 1925. The defense filed demurrers to second set of indictments.

December 28, 1925. The Court of Appeals reversed the Supreme Court order quashing the indictment of Doheny for offering a bribe and sent it back as valid to the lower court. Government counsel dropped the original conspiracy indictments, deciding to press the subsequent set.

February 15, 1926. Defense demurrers to second conspiracy indictments were overruled by Supreme Court, but the judge allowed the defense, in an interlocutory order, to appeal this ruling to the Court of Appeals. This was done and argument on the appeal before the higher court is set for next October.

February 16, 1926. Defense filed a demurrer to Doheny indictment reinstated by the Court of Appeals on December 28, 1925.

On the record of this pernicious practice of dilatory appeals Congress has abolished the system, thus putting the criminal cases back to scratch in the Supreme Court for actual trial. Since the new law is retroactive defense counsel imagine they have been handed another opportunity for more delays, on the theory that a test of this enactment by higher courts is permissible. Senator Walsh and Atlee Pomerene, chief government oil counsel, are convinced that no such appeal can be taken until after the actual trial, as the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that procedural legislation may be retroactive.

On the civil side the oil cases have gone more rapidly. The Elk Hills lease, which two lower courts voided at the Government's request, is now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States, with argument scheduled there for October. The Teapot Dome case, lost by the Government in the district court, has been argued on appeal before the Circuit Court of Appeals. These civil cases seem destined to be finished and forgotten before Fall, Doheny, and Sinclair are at last dragged into court and forced to stand trial for their deeds in connection with the oil leases.

Bride

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

After the turgid incidence and when
The last mad whispering had darkly blown
Away, letting the woods be real again,
He propped his elbow on a lichened stone.
"I've climbed that mountain many times alone,"
He said at length. She stared, then asked him how
One felt at timberline. He answered "One
Feels much as we do now," remembering snow
That must have cooled whatever long ago
Had cracked the rocks with terrible ecstasy.
"It's not so wild up there, you feel as though
Something were finished. You're at peace with sky
And earth, as we are now." She pointed where
The peak seemed highest, whispering "Take me there."

Putting America in a Hole—the Lesson of the Debts

By JOHN CARTER

WHEN Balfour, as British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sent out his famous note of August, 1922, in which he laid down the principle that Great Britain would collect from Germany and her allies only enough to satisfy the demands of the United States, he was guilty of a gratuitous impertinence toward this country, but he set in motion a chain of events of which the parade of protesting French veterans in Paris and the Anglo-French debt agreement were the logical results.

The "Balfour principle" became the cardinal point in British war-debt diplomacy—in default of any effective protest by our State Department—and was reiterated on timely occasions to such purpose that the entire onus of the collection of war debts and reparations by Great Britain was shifted from Downing Street to Washington. As though this were not enough, the British Government secured our assent to the principle that Great Britain was entitled to collect from France and Italy in the same proportion that we collected our debts from these countries, thus making sure that we should receive all the blame for any stringency in the British terms. They got us both ways.

The trap has finally been sprung. When the dust cleared away it found us without a friend in Western Europe and with Great Britain acclaimed as "gentlemanly" by the Parisian press. We are in a hole and we may as well admit it, for although we are sufficiently remote from Europe to dispense with the good-will of any continental Power, yet international friendships are not to be despised and international enmities are not lightly to be incurred.

Let us presume that the object of British diplomacy in thus isolating the United States contains no threat. Probably its only object is to deprive us of possible European support in our numerous disputes—oil, rubber, open door, seizure of cargoes during the war—with the British Empire, with the secondary design of putting Great Britain in the position of the middleman, or *tertius gaudens*, in all dealings between America and Europe. Such a position is exceedingly comfortable for the British and is not especially ominous for us. We can let it pass.

The French, on the other hand, have played true to form. Hypnotized by ingrowing megalomania, they have permitted the passionate reluctance of the continental debtor to pay any obligation and the unwelcome reflection that the position of victor in a European war "ain't what it used to be" to obscure the very real benefits which France has received from this country and could still obtain were better counsels to prevail at the Quai d'Orsay. With a naive and reckless mood of self-pity dominant, the powers in France have permitted—if not encouraged—the development of a persistent anti-American propaganda to affect the volatile mentality of the political Frenchman. While Ambassador Béranger at Washington, with the full support of his Government, negotiated a debt agreement with the United States, the same Government permitted the active cultivation of a spirit of hostility to the agreement which it was negotiating. And when the agreement was out of the hands of the United States Government and before Congress France turned abruptly, held the veterans'

parade, signed the agreement with England, and thumbed its nose at us.

However, there is one factor which both Great Britain and France have left out of their computations, and this factor—Russia—is one which might be used by the United States to reverse positions with a startling facility. For both France and Great Britain have, in their anti-American antics, exposed their policies to grave inconsistencies.

Let us first consider the matter of the Balfour principle. Great Britain owes this country \$4,600,000,000. To serve this debt, Great Britain has funded the French obligations of \$3,500,000,000 and the Italian borrowings of \$2,500,000,000—a total of \$6,000,000,000. In addition Great Britain receives a \$50,000,000 annuity from Germany under the Dawes Plan. To be sure, the Italian debt agreement contained a proviso for the proportional remission of payments in excess of those necessary to pay America, but the British debt system is further supported by the sum of \$3,000,000,000 owed her by her Dominions, as part of the work of financing the war. This is not touched by the Balfour principle. And then there is the trifling sum of \$4,000,000,000 lent to Russia by Great Britain during the war.

It is upon this Russian debt that the British policy breaks down. As her payments to America are already covered by her collections from France, Germany, and Italy, how does Downing Street reconcile its policy of fierce dunning of the Soviet with Balfour's pronouncement? To collect from the Russians would expose Great Britain to the unanswerable charge of equivocation; it would make the Balfour note a lie. To cancel the Russian debt, on the other hand, would be patently unfair to France, Italy, and Germany, for Great Britain would thus gain Russian friendship at the direct expense of the French, Italian, and German taxpayers and by a deliberate policy of deceit. The only escape from the dilemma is to revise all existing British debt agreements in relation to the Russian debt, and in this case the current agreements are stultified from the start.

The second inconsistency in the European debt policy is the French attitude toward the Czarist debts, a total of 6,500,000,000 gold francs lent to the Imperial Russian Government as part and parcel of the far-reaching French military measures against Germany before and during the war.

The argument of French public opinion toward the American debt policy has been, in effect, as follows: "We fought your battles for you for three years before you entered the war. We saved you—and civilization—from Prussianism. We lost 1,500,000 dead to your 100,000, and suffered 3,500,000 casualties to your 200,000. We have emerged from the war victorious but vastly disorganized. If we put our dead against your dollars, you owe us far more than we can ever owe to you. The money you advanced us was contributed to the common cause, and was entered as a debt merely as a form of accountancy. Lafayette and Rochambeau, Washington and Franklin, Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité! And so on."

Now, Russia fought France's battle from the first. More than that, Russia undeniably saved France from defeat in 1914 and again in 1916. And Russia lost in the process 2,700,000 dead to France's 1,500,000, and 7,500,000 wounded and missing to France's 3,500,000. In fact, Russia's human losses were almost precisely equal to those of Great Britain, France, and Italy put together. Again, Russia emerged from the war, not victorious but defeated. France in 1919 was the strongest nation on the Continent for the first time in a century; it found Russia dismembered, disorganized, her services to the Entente and to civilization forgotten, and her weakness an excuse for a series of the most mischievous and wanton interventions yet recorded of European diplomacy.

But do the French statesmen admit a gleam of tenderness and hope to their former Muscovite partner? Does the French public feel the outrageousness of demanding payment from Russia?

M. de Monzie, head of the French delegation which negotiated last winter with the Russians for recognition of the Czarist debts, succinctly expressed the attitude of the Quai D'Orsay in the following words: "From the purely French standpoint we will not forsake the mass of investors of small means who were the benevolent clients of that Russia of which the Union of Soviet Republics is the legal successor, and whom we are bound in honor to protect."

It is easy enough to point out the inconsistencies of French and British debt diplomacy in the light of the Russian loans, but it is a different matter when it comes to devising a method for our own Government to take advantage of European inconsistencies as the Europeans have taken advantage of the policy of our Government—in considering each loan as a separate transaction.

The clear course of action for our State Department is to persist in its present policy of regarding each loan as a distinct operation. We have reaped all the disadvantages of this policy; now is the time to reap the benefits. We lent the Kerensky Government—or its agents in America—the relatively small sum of \$250,000,000. Rakovsky is quoted as saying that in return for *de jure* recognition of Russia, his Government will promptly acknowledge this debt. To this, however, must be added the \$100,000,000-odd investment of American capital in Russia which was sequestered by the Communist revolution.

On the debit side, then, Russia has, as regards this country, a total of about \$350,000,000. On the credit side, she can insist on American liability for the damage wrought by American troops in the Archangel and Siberian interventions. America can well afford to admit this principle, first, because, as a matter of plain morality, our troops had absolutely no business invading the territory of a friendly country, and secondly, because the number of American troops involved in these adventures was relatively small and the ascertainable damage they wrought was correspondingly inconsiderable.

Let America, then, only insist on Russia's liability for the loan to Kerensky—as she has consistently done—and submit to a mixed commission the matter of Russia's liability for sequestered American property and American liability for military damage to Russian civilians. Each side would have too much to gain to permit the sessions of the commission to reach the impasse which blocked our attempt to adjust the similar controversy with Mexico. Once a general agreement were arrived at, it would place Great Britain and France in the following position:

Against the \$4,000,000,000 British loans and the \$1,000,000,000 claims of British subjects, Russia could set the major part of the damage done in the Archangel affair and the immense sums due to Russia for the British operations in the Caucasus and Siberia after the war. These two claims would more than wipe out any possibility of British collection. However, even if Great Britain uses the Russian debt to cancel any part of this liability, in all justice to her other Allies—as stipulated by the Balfour principle—she must reckon the potential income from her canceled Russian loans in evaluating the total collected to pay America. In other words, Russian recognition of this debt, weighed against British liability, cannot honorably be excluded from the operations of the Balfour idea: England cannot use this Czarist loan to square her private debts at the expense of her Allies. Similarly, France would be compelled to acknowledge her liability for the Denikin and Wrangel adventures in South Russia, which would more than offset the Czarist debts. Of course, both Great Britain and France would vigorously contest these points, and their desperate efforts to compel Russia to pay would not only expose the moral weakness of their present position but would estrange them from the greatest Power of the Eurasian continent and would cement a diplomatic friendship between the United States and Russia.

In point of fact, it is worth remembering that the United States, despite its economic quarrels with the Soviet system, has consistently defended the interests of Russia since the war. America refused to indorse, at Paris, the Rumanian grab of Bessarabia, "sanctioned" by a conference at which Russia was not represented. Again, at the Washington Conference America arrogated to herself the role of trustee for Russia's interests in the Pacific and the Far East, and refused to sanction any settlement at Russia's expense. American diplomatic pressure drew the Japanese out of Siberia, and during the Russian famine in 1921 the energetic intervention of the American Relief Administration helped save Russia from catastrophe. The scrupulously cultivated friendship of the Russian people could be ours for the gesture of arranging a fair accounting of the claims between the two governments.

To be sure, one of the chief objects of European diplomacy, and of its god-child, propaganda, has been to prevent Russian-American friendship. European governments can recognize Russia, and not abate their morality as capitalist Powers, but upon the American nation has somehow been foisted the role of the capitalist state *par excellence*. True, we do live under the forms of capitalism, and Russia does live under the forms of communism, but there is a good deal of communism in our capitalism and a good deal of capitalism in Russia's communism. As late as December, 1923, President Coolidge, as evidenced by his message to Congress, did not seem to feel that the barriers between the two systems were insurmountable. Neither did M. Chicherin and only the eagle eye of Charles Evans Hughes detected insincerity in the latter's acceptance of the Presidential overtures.

At the moment there is an American election on hand, and the Administration will certainly do nothing to provide campaign material for its opponents. But once the election is over, the way will be open for a renewal of the endeavor to put Russian-American relations on a practical basis and, incidentally, to allow Great Britain and France to take a little lesson in diplomacy from the despised statesmen of the United States of America.

I Never Liked Missionaries . . .

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

YOU see a blank high wall breaking the monotony of the swarming close-built Chinese street; you enter a gate, and suddenly find yourself in a miniature Main Street. There are the square-set homely houses, the ample porches, the trees and green lawns, the comfortable space and leisureliness of Any Town in the U. S. A. There are romping white children in relatively clean, neatly darned clothes; the familiar smells of American food float out of the kitchen windows. It is the missionary compound. Large and small, there must be a thousand of them scattered through the cities and villages of China. They are the centers of the greatest foreign propaganda scheme in history; neither George Creel nor the Bolsheviks ever, in numbers, in money spent, or in system and method, approached them.

There are some 8,000 missionaries in China, and of these more than half are Americans. An extraordinary missionary atlas entitled "The Christian Occupation of China," which in a series of graphic charts portrays the invasion of this alien group, reports that whereas in 1907 37 per cent of the foreign missionaries in China were American and 52 per cent British, by 1922 the proportions had been precisely reversed. This Americanizing tendency is increasing, because America is now spending ten million dollars annually on mission work in China, and no other country can afford a tithe of that sum. Even the Catholic missions are passing from French to American control. Increasingly, the missionary invasion of China is an American campaign, conducted by Americans, with American methods of statistical efficiency, gymnasium camouflage, mass-advertising propaganda, and Rotary Club enthusiasm. Some two and a half million Chinese now call themselves Christians; more than 200,000 children daily attend the 7,000 Christian missionary schools, while 2,000 young men and women are in Christian colleges; and the 330 Christian hospitals with their 18,000 beds form the bulk of the decent hospital facilities of China.

Now, I have never liked missionaries. My Unitarian-Quaker upbringing predisposed me against the militant conquest of souls, and I grew up increasingly skeptical of all those things of which a Christian missionary should feel most sure. It seemed to me that all religions were attempts from various angles to scale a mountain which reaches beyond the capacity of the human mind and that they fill in the unknown and unknowable with more or less satisfactory legends; that the function of the missionaries was to supplant native superstitions with unnatural alien superstitions, paving the way for the denationalization of their victims. Certainly I have never felt that more vividly than when I watched an enthusiastic Minnesotan teaching patient Chinese boys to sing a hymn—which they could not possibly understand—about the "blood of the lamb"; or when I sat through a colorless church service in Chinese in a bare little barn of an American mission church stupidly planted in a colorful Oriental city.

But I return from China almost converted. . . .

What are the missionaries there for? The radicals of China say they are making the way easy for the im-

perialist-conquerors; the Russians regard them as propagandists for capitalism; the foreign business men say that the missionaries are just stirring up trouble, putting fool ideas into Chinese heads; the old-fashioned circuit-riding missionary says they are there to preach the word of Jesus Christ; and the younger generation talk in terms of sanitation, modern schools, improved agriculture, and social work.

In their way all are right. China has missionaries of every description, from the devout Inland Mission workers who used to wear queues and still go about in Chinese costume, living on the rice diet of their congregations, the passionate fundamentalists who preach Christianity exactly as they learned it in tight little American villages, foreign patriots who identify their religion with their nationality, to medical workers who have forgotten creed in healing, teachers who are so absorbed in China that they remember America only when they have to ask for funds, community leaders who belong to the race of Jane Addams and Lillian Wald, and thinkers who have climbed to heights beyond the walls of any single religion. They are all there, and on the whole I think they are rather more liberal-minded than the people who support them at home.

The red-hot days of 1925, following the foreign shootings of May and June, taught the missionaries things about themselves that they had never known, forced movements that had been long in germination to bloom early. New buds appeared upon the branches which the gardeners at home had never suspected were there. Every anti-foreign outbreak seems to work changes in the missionary garden. "Rice Christians" who join the churches for what they can get out of it drop away; and the missionaries learn in blinding flashes what parts of their work have sunk into Chinese hearts and what have not. Some of them suddenly realize how far they have moved since they left home, how much more they care for China than for any form or creed.

Historically, of course, the radicals are right. The stain of blood and lawlessness lies on the missions in China. The first American missionaries went to China as the illegal guests of a trading firm; and missionaries helped draft, after the First Opium War, the treaty that established extraterritoriality and gave mission work its treaty basis. Nor did those early apostles heed the treaty terms; long before the Second Opium War forced new concessions from China they made their dangerous way into forbidden cities. As recently as 1897 the death of two missionaries was used as an excuse for the great international grab game in which Germany took Tsingtao, Russia Port Arthur, Great Britain Wei-hai-wei and the Kowloon new territory, and France Kwang-chow-wan. Even today American and other foreign gunboats penetrate a thousand miles and more into the interior of China upon the excuse of "protecting missionaries." However many the missionaries who have come to regret this association of Christianity with the foreign gunboat, it is natural that angry young nationalists should call the Christian organizations and their officers the "hawks and hounds of the imperialists"!

Nor are the Russians so far wrong. Inevitably the

missionaries are apostles of the economic system from which they spring. Whether they are conscious of it or not, they are advance agents of the business men from whom they buy. As Mr. John E. Baker, who is in fact a sort of Galahad among business men, put it:

The missionary home in the interior is a demonstration of Western life with the comforts and all the means the Westerner has used to give himself comfort. Were the merchant deliberately to make a great advertising campaign for the purpose of putting up a demonstration of Western materials in the interior for sales purposes, he could not put up any better display than the missionary has done gratis.

Naturally the simple coolie identifies the religion of the foreigner with his higher standard of living, and both with the system of production whence it arises. Too often the missionary makes the same mistake.

He is under fire, however, from both sides. The narrow-minded little business communities of China detest the missionary as much as does a Bolsheviki; indeed they class missionary and Bolsheviki together. For the new nationalism is a product of the schools, and many of the Christian educational leaders have fanned the flames of discontent. Christian students have been shot down along with non-Christians in almost every one of the bloody clashes of native and foreigner that dot the calendar of 1925 and 1926. Chinese Christian leaders have sought to prove that they were no whit less patriotic than those who had not been contaminated by foreign religions, and many of the Western Christians in China have openly voiced their sympathy with the patriotic movement. Christian schools have celebrated the national days of mourning and have officially participated in the huge patriotic demonstrations. An increasing group of missionaries has boldly entered the forbidden sphere of politics and insisted that the spirit of Christianity requires abolition of the "unequal treaties."

In the missionary body itself the debate has been hot and heavy. "Let us mind our own business and leave political affairs to those who are trained diplomats and capable of dealing with such matters," wrote a missionary veteran, Dr. Main of Hangchow, in a circular letter to his friends last Christmas. "These matters do not concern us as missionaries." But, he continued, "If we are loyal subjects we should be grateful for what our Government does for us and ought not to sell our birthright simply to curry favor. . . . If our Government really wants to help China she should insist on extraterritoriality until China has a government that can guarantee law and order." Dr. Main is Scotch, but many Americans share his confusion. They say to the pro-Chinese "Drop politics; we are here to preach Christ," and they themselves continue to preach the gospel of foreign intervention.

How the bulk of lonely missionaries who carry on their work far from any possible gunboat protection feel I have no means of knowing. It is possible that they still think in the old ruts, as the treaty-port newspapers insist. But I doubt it. The missionary press itself reveals a profound ferment, a passion to justify faith by works. These men and women have seen their own converts and Chinese colleagues watching them with doubt and distrust in their eyes. That Message to the Missionaries in China signed by the Chinese staff of Soochow University a year ago was typical:

We have read some statements made by groups of missionaries in expressing their attitude toward [the Shanghai shootings]. We appreciate their statement in regard

to the spirit of justice, nationality, and fraternity which should transcend national and racial boundaries; their words of sympathy. . . . Time and again we have heard such expressions of high-sounding principles, but we have now come to the point where we find ourselves unable to have faith in words which are not validated by corresponding deeds. Furthermore, we desire to know whether or not such statements represent the consensus of opinion of all the missionaries in China.

I have read scores of resolutions and hundreds of letters from missionaries all over China, and while there is many a voice to say, "Business enterprises would suffer most from abolition and we are dependent upon business men for a very large part of the means with which we carry on our work," a commoner opinion is that "More is to be gained by letting it be known that we are preaching our gospel with no dependence upon gunboats or laws which give us special favors."

Dependence upon gunboats and treaties is only one symptom of the alien arrogance of the old missionaries. They believed it their duty to impose Christianity, with all its Western forms, on China. They never stopped to question whether, man for man, we Western Christians were superior to the Chinese. The Christian schools began as Western schools, taught by Westerners, largely as bait for converts. But increasingly they have focused on education as an end in itself rather than upon conversion, and the junior schools have been going under Chinese control; in the last year of ferment the colleges too have had to look for advice and leadership to their Chinese faculties.

The change has brought some unlooked-for results. Two years ago daily chapel attendance was compulsory at virtually every Christian school in China; so were courses in religion. Today nearly half the higher schools have made both voluntary, and another year will see a change in the majority. The Government requires registered schools to eliminate compulsory religious instruction, to have a Chinese president or vice-president, and a Chinese majority on the board of control, and to declare that the propagation of religion is not its purpose. The Chinese—faculty and student, Christian and non-Christian—want registration, which opens the road to government jobs for the graduates; and the foreign teachers, sometimes reluctantly, are following their lead. "It would be un-Christian for a school in China not to do willingly what the Government would enforce if it could," says the president of a Peking college. And what modern government would permit a corps of aliens, teaching largely in a foreign language, propagating a foreign religion, to dominate its school system? Some missionaries are looking forward to a day when they will not be permitted to give even voluntary courses in religion. "But we can make our education Christian by the spirit in which we conduct it even if we are forbidden to give any direct Christian teaching," said President Burton. Schools like Lingnan University at Canton (where courses in religion are voluntary) are doing that.

Slowly and impressively China gathers into herself the men and women who work there and stamps them with its own ancient civilization. I once argued for hours with an old missionary vainly trying to find some virtue in the Christian teaching for which he could produce no parallel from the Chinese classics. Missionaries who study Chinese thought acquire something of its tolerant eclecticism. The Chinese have never fought religious wars and cannot understand our emphasis on doctrines, our conviction that religions must be mutually exclusive. Our little sects mean

nothing to them; if they accept Christianity they but add it to minds already deeply molded by Confucian, Taoist, and Buddhist teaching.

The old type of missionary who refused to show distrust in God by being vaccinated (the smallpox rate among missionaries in China is one hundred times that in the United States, and the typhoid rate is thirty-three times that of the American army) is fading into the hinterland. The new type is an emissary of athletic sports, of hygiene, of schools, of mechanics—needed in China, although incorrigibly alien. Even he, I suspect, will find his role declining; as in Japan, the number of foreign missionaries is likely to fall, and the Christian church in China, if it continues at all, may represent a new Chinese Christianity, as much modified by Oriental habits as what we call Christianity has been modified, in two thousand years, by our Western history. The permanent service of the missionaries will, I believe, be less in the religious field than as a

bridge between two civilizations that had lost contact with each other. In the early days the missionaries forced contacts where they were not wanted; they can, and I think will, somewhat lessen the frictions of tomorrow. Bringing science to the East as a gift of God rather than as an efficient aid to lower production costs, the missionaries may soften the harsh process of adaptation to the industrial West, and ease the break-up of the ancient family system which is an inevitable part of that inevitable process. Romantic lovers of the past will deplore that necessity; but history marches roughshod over romance. And so, with scant faith in their gospel and no belief in the permanence of what they value most, I yet return from China half converted to missionaries.

[This is the fourth of Lewis Gannett's articles on China. The fifth, *China: The World's Proletariat*, will appear in *The Nation* for August 11.]

Aimee Semple McPherson

By DAVID WARREN RYDER

THE mysterious disappearance of Aimee Semple McPherson, successful evangelist, and her subsequent reappearance with a tale of having been kidnapped and held for ransom are occupying the energies of two grand juries in Los Angeles. On May 18 Mrs. McPherson and her secretary were at Venice, a beach suburb of Los Angeles, for an afternoon dip in the surf. After the two had been on the beach for some time the secretary went to a nearby hotel to telephone. When she left evangelist McPherson was swimming close to shore. When she returned after a fifteen-minute absence the evangelist was nowhere to be seen. For more than a month she was missing. The belief that she had drowned had taken concrete form in a memorial fund of \$25,000 raised by her parishioners of the Angelus Temple, when an anonymous letter was given to the authorities by her mother asserting that she was alive and demanding \$500,000 ransom for her safe return. On June 24 the evangelist herself appeared in Agua Prieta, just across the Mexican border, exhausted, as she said, after walking twenty miles across the desert from the hut where she had been held by her kidnappers, and from which she had escaped in their absence. Her story is a good one, but the skeptics point out that the evangelist was not more than ordinarily sunburned and that her clothes had suffered surprisingly little from the experience. There is evidence, besides, in the hands of the federal grand jury indicating that the letter announcing that Mrs. McPherson was safe had been received by her mother the day before the raising of the memorial fund was begun.

These details and the inevitable rumors that gather about the secret hearings of a grand jury have created a sharp division between the true believers and the non-believers of Los Angeles. So aroused are the former to the defense of their leader that a body of them one day descended upon and destroyed a side-show which purported to tell in photographs the true story of the case. For in the short space of six years in the city of Los Angeles Aimee Semple McPherson has gathered a huge and ardent

following. At the same time, and far more remarkably, she has built up for herself and her two or three close associates one of the soundest and most prosperous business establishments in the land. Nominally it is not, of course, a commercial concern. Officially it is dedicated to Jehovah, but it is none the less a vast business project; a religious factory where religion has been manufactured in huge quantities and then sold, both wholesale and retail, at a handsome profit. It is a tribute to the discernment of the woman that she proclaimed her "Bridal Call" and founded her "International Institute of Foursquare Evangelism" in the city of Los Angeles, where conditions of climate and the mental sea-level of the majority of inhabitants have combined to create a veritable Canaan for the religio-commercial entrepreneur.

This modern Joan of Arc (single-handedly she has assailed the citadels of evolution, infidelity, and sin) was born in humble surroundings in Canada. Her father was a farmer, her mother had been a Salvation Army worker, who, according to press accounts, continued her religious interests so that Aimee was "brought up in an atmosphere which accounts for her career." At the age of seventeen Aimee was converted by Robert Semple, boilermaker by trade and traveling evangelist by avocation, and soon afterward married him and went with him on a mission to China. There a daughter was born to them, and there Semple fell ill of a fever and died. His widow and the child made their way back to America, where, after a time, Mrs. Semple married Harold McPherson, an employee of a New England wholesale grocery store. They had one child, a son. Subsequently, after a number of separations occasioned by her intermittent soul-saving activities, they were divorced; McPherson going back to the grocery business and his wife taking up evangelism in dead earnest.

Very early in her career she had evidences that she was under the protection of some superhuman agency. On the ship returning from China she was the recipient from unknown sources first of a purse full of money, then of a much-needed steamer shawl, then of various other valu-

able articles; and never thereafter did she want long for anything. She had but to register a silent wish, and from sources revealed and unrevealed came not only what she had desired but other useful things as well.

Success seems to have attended evangelist McPherson's efforts from the start. Wherever she went, and she traveled into the East, the South, and the Middle West, she saved souls in large numbers, and her prowess spread. Soon she began to heal as well as to save. The blind, the lame, and the halt came to be touched by her and go away whole. From cities and towns all over the land came calls to her to come and hold healing services. She does not say so directly, but it is evident from all the surrounding facts that the money rolled in. By this time she had established a publication called the *Bridal Call Foursquare*, through whose columns, whenever she needed extra money, she sent out appeals for financial aid. Never, apparently, did such appeals go unanswered. Anxiety over money matters was always dissipated. On this point I quote the evangelist herself, as follows: "Several times when we were wondering how to meet expenses the money came by mail from some child of God to whom He had telephoned."

Demands for her services increased until she had to employ help—a manager of tours. She sent for her mother, Mrs. Kennedy, who brought organization and system. The business of soul-saving, healing, etc., was put on a sound, profitable basis, where it has since remained, with continuous publicity and advertising to establish and maintain good-will and keep things moving. As the result of this, Aimee Semple McPherson (she was using her full name now) became a national institution, making plans for a triumphant tour. "The Lord," she states, "had been speaking to me for some time about a transcontinental gospel auto tour."

The tour led finally to Los Angeles, and ended. There the famous evangelist found her promised land. At her first meetings the people came in throngs, and before she had been there a week the largest halls to be obtained were far too small and she had to go into boxing arenas and parks, where police reserves were necessary to handle the crowds. It required no direct communication from on high to convince her that here she should pitch her tent and remain. Only she was not so plebeian as to pitch a tent. She drove about the town until she found a piece of vacant land suitable for a magnificent tabernacle, and this she bought. As far as I have been able to discover, neither Mrs. McPherson's autobiography nor her other writings describe exactly the source of the money with which she purchased the site and began construction work. There is some reference to collections, and she issued printed literature asking for help; but nowhere can I find any statement of how much money was collected or what the tabernacle and its site cost. Judging, however, from the size of the place and its appearance, and relying upon newspaper reports, I should say that the plant as it stands represents an investment of at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; a promotion feat truly miraculous when it is considered that it was accomplished in a little more than a year. Indeed, evangelist McPherson's money-raising abilities are phenomenal. Requiring a specific sum for some special purpose, say \$25,000, she stands in the pulpit and announces this need as blandly as if the sum was a mere trifle; always making it plain, however, that it is for the greater glory of God. Then she says: "To begin with, I'll accept a thousand dollars each from just ten people.

Who wants to be among those ten?" Usually there are fifteen or twenty hands thrust up, and then there ensues much good-natured colloquy as to which of the ten were first. Finally this is determined satisfactorily, whereupon the evangelist announces: "Well, now that we've made such a good start and got ten thousand dollars, I'll let twenty of God's children give me five hundred each." Instantly, as before, many more hands than the required number are raised, and again, after discussion as to who owned the twenty hands that went up first, the favored twenty are rewarded by a "God bless you, Brother Blank," "God bless you, Sister Jones," and so on. Then, to make the remaining five thousand democratic, the evangelist says with her sweetest smile: "God has given us twenty thousand dollars, and all we need is five thousand more. So I'm going to let a hundred of you dear children give me fifty dollars apiece"; and instantly two or three hundred endeavor to be among the favored one hundred.

Nor is the method just described the evangelist's only resource. Sometimes she has relied solely on the printed word. I am fortunate enough to possess, among other literature from and about her, several copies of her publication, the *Bridal Call Foursquare*. In one issue of this interesting organ I read:

William Jennings Bryan, valiant warrior of God—defender of the faith of our fathers, has been called home to a well-earned rest. The sword has dropped from his hand, but ten thousands of hands are outstretched, grasping the sword of the Spirit and pressing onward into the thick of battle. . . .

Today the Angelus Temple membership, the Bridal Call family and Foursquare friends the world around are on the front line. Hands are upheld, bearing aloft the Banner of the Cross, and when a few days ago the word came down the ranks—"Over the Top"—without a break in the lines, up they went, and over the \$100,000 mark; gaining the first rampart in the completion of The International Institute of Foursquare Evangelism.

In this great School of Evangelism, God willing, there shall be raised up William J. Bryans, Abraham Lincolns, Warren G. Hardings, and Aimee Semple McPhersons, who shall carry the insignia of the Cross and the Crown up to the very doors of the national capital, into its legislations, and among the busy marts of men. . . .

The first rampart has been gained and conquered. Now we are facing the second. The safety of the world is at stake! . . .

No, you don't have to come to Los Angeles to join these ranks. The Foursquare Army is international and interdenominational. Pray that the Lord Jesus Christ will show you the way into the front line today. Ask Him, "What wouldst Thou have me do, Lord?" Then as He blesses you give that His children may be saved unto Himself, and trained for His service. . . .

Use This Form for Your Subscription

Dear Sister McPherson: To help enshrine the Bible in the hearts of the people, to help save our nation from the crime wave, infidelity, and sin, and to prepare the world for the coming of the King, I hereby joyfully inclose my offering for the Building Fund of the Evangelistic and Missionary Training Seminary.

Just how many thousands of dollars came in response to this magnetic appeal, I am not advised; it appears, however, from published accounts, that the whole religious plant stands today fully paid for in the names of Aimee Semple McPherson and her mother, Mrs. Kennedy.

In the Driftway

THE parsons of Philadelphia, the Drifter reads, have refused their blessing to the Sesquicentennial because it is open on Sundays. The Drifter thinks that weekdays are drab enough anyway, and would not have Sundays made more so; but from what he has heard of the Sesquicentennial—which seems to be a rather dull attempt to boost real-estate values in the swamps of South Philadelphia—he is not sure that it will help enliven the Sabbath in Mr. Vare's pure city. However, the parsons seem to have had no doubts; they thought the Sesqui a joy and a delight, and were therefore against it on Sundays. Sundays should be kept unpleasant. It is a horrid state of mind.

* * * * *

ALL these troubles—the Lord's Day Alliance, the Anti-Saloon League, the anti-evolution laws, and the rest—are really women's fault. The Drifter has always suspected the women, but he was a little timid about expressing himself until he found that Elizabeth Cady Stanton, that grand old warrior for the rights of women, was with him. Thirty-odd years ago she wrote an essay on The Effect of Woman Suffrage on Questions of Morals and Religion. Women, she admitted, would at first through ignorance abuse their power. Woman's religious bigotry was sure for a time to threaten the secular nature of our government. She proceeded to cite cases:

To push what they consider a moral measure they have sometimes acted in violation of law. In the early temperance crusade in Ohio they walked into the drinking saloons, smashed the bottles right and left, emptied the liquor into the street, and then with hymns and prayers endeavored to impress their victims with the sacredness of their proceedings.

This was the year of the Chicago World's Exposition, and Mrs. Stanton wrote:

Led by the Temperance Association 100,000 persons, chiefly women, petitioned Congress to make no appropriation to the exposition unless the managers pledged themselves to close it on Sunday, the only day in the week the masses could enjoy it. What an outrage it would have been to close that magnificent spectacle and drive the multitudes back into the crowded streets of the city! Yet this was the verdict of 100,000 petitioners, chiefly women.

Mrs. Stanton concluded:

There is no doubt that in their present religious bondage the political influence of women would be against the secular nature of our government, so carefully guarded by the Fathers. They would, if possible, restore the Puritan Sabbath and sumptuary laws, and have the name of God and the Christian religion recognized in the national Constitution, this granting privilege to one section over another involving no end of religious persecutions.

* * * * *

AS a male the Drifter is delighted to find this feminine support to his thesis. We have woman suffrage; and the evils Mrs. Stanton predicted have fallen upon us like a cloud of scorpions. "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc. Quod erat demonstrandum." Only, once in a while a feminine hesitation creeps into the Drifter's mind. After all, the hooded bigots of the Ku Klux Klan are male too.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mary Austin on Alcohol

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Mary Austin article in your current issue strikes me as being something really big; I would like to see her thesis worked out at greater length, arriving at the conclusion that the individual becomes civilized only when he uses his mind for his liquor cellar and learns how to bring himself happiness through the brewing of mental intoxicants.

Topeka, Kansas, June 21

W. G. CLUGSTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In simple fairness to their breathless public *The Nation* and Miss Austin should contrive an article supplementary to *Amorousness and Alcohol* explaining what the original means. It is a joy forever to notice that Miss Austin, previously celebrate for her laments on the progressive corruption of the American language by East Side foreigners, has now joined the medicine men. Her Aeolian multiloquence is, I take it, an example of what happens to the American Rhythm when it goes on a jag.

Louisville, Kentucky, June 24

H. M. ROSENTHAL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mary Austin assumes, without proof, that amorousness diminishes with alcohol. But American amorousness has not diminished with prohibition. On the contrary, its manifestations have increased. Space forbids enumeration of proofs, but I refer you to the press, the courts, police matrons, Judge Lindsey; to rescue homes, hotel-keepers, apartment-house owners, dance halls. The prohibition "raiding parson," arrested yesterday for "petting" with a married lady of his church, was presumably not stimulated by alcohol.

Human nature always and everywhere has demanded occasional relaxation with some sort of "spree" or "orgy." Psychology calls it liberation of the subconscious. Hence our forefathers invented periodical holidays which fanatics perverted into sabbaths. Whether we like it or not, social drinking was a distraction from amorousness; it drew men together for masculine conversation, discussion, and pastimes, made or kept them manlike, while providing the temporary "escape from reality" which the tragedies of life demand. Prohibition, by reducing the ways of escape or relaxation for that general type of male that finds no relief in the religious jag, virtually forces him into a greater variety of feminine contacts than before; and the erotic current, dammed back into its primitive channel, flows forth with more powerful head. Self-control, never sufficient to stop but only to divert the libido, is weaker than ever now. Hence we have the increased amorousness, mostly illicit, of our blessed Volstead days.

San Diego, California, June 30

EDWARD H. WHELAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Amorousness and Alcohol* sounds a far cry and it's all the more difficult to feel in accord with Mary Austin inasmuch as there's little to indicate that biology is on the side of any form of prohibition. The effect of alcohol is to stunt sex-desire. Any one, saturated with corn-juice for a protracted period, loses the sex-appetite. But alcohol also stupefies the mind and weakens resistance; hence played so large a role in illicit amorousness and consequent trafficking. As a matter of fact, I do not believe any one is yet in a position to state definitely in what manner alcohol affects the begetting of children. The large probability is that the sex-libido is not thwarted nor frustrated by anything we mortals can do.

STEPHEN D. B. HYLLEBOURNE

Blue Island, Illinois, June 24

Man Trapped

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter in your issue of July 14—a letter which I was astonished to find my good friend *The Nation* publishing without comment—one Austin Bothwell says definitely that in my novel "Mantrap" I mention the Royal Mounted of Canada but do not mention the provincial police. "The only policeman in 'Mantrap' is romantically a scarlet rider," he says, and he most generously explains for us the provincial force.

Would it be bad taste to say bluntly that this Bothwell is a liar? If so, I will delicately observe that he is not distinguished for accuracy.

Among the few characters of the book are two provincial policemen, one of whom, Curly Evans, is a principal character. And he is spoken of as a provincial policeman, using those words, on pages 105, 166, 200, and possibly elsewhere. The other provincial policeman in the book is the theme of the scene on pages 49 to 52 inclusive.

As to the peacefulness of the Indians—of course they are peaceful, of course they no longer go to war. But that would not prevent them from burning a store in protest if they were so long denied credit that they were starving. The incident is fictional and does not pretend to be anything else, and it could happen equally in peaceful Concord, Massachusetts. To say that Mr. Bothwell's beloved Crees alone among mankind could never be roused to resentment is scarcely a compliment to them.

I expect to be lied about in *Liberty*, the column of Mr. Brisbane, and the sermons of evangelists, and I should never think of answering them. But when our household religious paper *The Nation* admits to its columns such a letter as that of Bothwell, I close my Bible with a quick nervous snap, and speak thus in mild and mellifluous protest.

Pequot, Minnesota, July 12

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Laissez-faire

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his spirited review of "The Rise of Modern Industry," by J. L. and Barbara Hammond, Stuart Chase declares that the first factory acts "broke the sacred nonsense of laissez-faire." Slighting references like this to the ideal of equal freedom are not infrequent in the pages of *The Nation*. Are they justified?

The term laissez-faire is difficult to render briefly in English. It was adopted by the French economists, who ardently desired to destroy a social system based on privilege and replace it by just laws under which oppression would be impossible. Gournay, the friend of Turgot, took as his motto: Laissez-faire, laissez-passier, defined by Léon Say as "Free labor, free trade, and free industry."

To confuse this ideal of freedom with the industrial tyranny in England is to misrepresent its spirit and intent. The factory system developed terrible abuses which Parliament attempted to check by curtailing the freedom of the employers, but it might have done away with their arbitrary power by repealing the legal privileges upon which wage slavery is founded. All the factory laws enacted since 1833, all the attempts to regulate the hours of work and to limit the employment of women and children have left us with the problem unsolved. State interference creates new evils in attempting to correct old ones. In Mr. Chase's own words, "The physical degradation abates a little, but the spiritual degradation of the machine grows more remorseless with the years."

The "capitalist" has been made the scapegoat in order, it would seem, to shield the landlord. This becomes clear when we seek to discover why the laboring classes accepted

such hard conditions. Manifestly, because they could turn to no alternative employment. Julia Patton says in her study of the English village that before the inclosure of the commons "the farm laborer had enough land about his cottage to supply the immediate needs of his family, and the right of pasturage for as many beasts as he could feed during the winter." The results of dispossession were "a class of independent, self-supporting laborers pauperized, driven out of their homes, and made either spiritless or defiant; . . . an antagonism between a capitalistic employing class and a proletariat; . . . a serious national problem bequeathed to succeeding generations."

Robbed of their rights in the land, the peasants were driven by hunger to the factory gates, there to set up among themselves a cutthroat competition that left them no power of bargaining. The employers, however cold-blooded their attitude, took an active part in the production of wealth. But the proceeds could not be shared by the producers until tribute was paid to the landlord, who contributed nothing to the enterprise. Land monopoly is at the root of industrial servitude, but the landlord enjoys some sort of color protection that makes him invisible to the eyes of socialists.

Regulation of industry by the state leads inevitably to a condition of servitude. No matter how wise the paternal government, its wards are not free men and women. A "living wage," sanitary workshops, model cottages, and old-age pensions are poor substitutes for the free play of individual capabilities in a world whose inhabitants are assured of equality of opportunity. The advocates of laissez-faire, abolitionists who look upon land monopoly as the modern equivalent of the slave system, cannot be justly accused of sanctioning the evils of industrial life. They offer a means, not of mitigating them but of ending them once for all by the immediate repeal of every legal privilege.

Southwest Harbor, Maine, June 22 FRANK W. GARRISON

The Unimportance of Railways

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his article in *The Nation* on the General Strike W. N. Ewer dilates upon the completeness of the railway tie-up. He ignores altogether the obvious fact that a railway strike in England nowadays counts for little save inconvenience; so long as the strikers cannot control the highways and stop the streams of motor traffic a railway stoppage is of no vital import. It is a well-known fact that the railways in England are not prospering due to the tremendous development of motor traffic on the highways.

Also, Mr. Ewer entirely ignores (as did your other correspondent) the fact that there was an absence of public support to the strikers so well-nigh complete in all parts of Great Britain that it was cause for common comment. What defeated the strike first, last, and all the time was the attitude of the people.

Brooklyn, New York, July 5

WM. TAYLOR

Let Well Enough Alone

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

I shall not read *The Nation* more!

I know you will not care!

Your everlasting righteousness

It drives me to despair.

Think not that I joke or quiz!

For on the square and on the level,

I love my country as it is,

With Coolidge and the devil.

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, June 4

Books

Music Brings Griefs

By EDWARD SAPIR

Music brings with pause and tone
Griefs more poignant than our own,
Yet have her tears a starlike grace
Forever set in Music's face.
She weeps but willing tears that seem
Enchanted in the eyelids' dream
And fall not to a heaving breast,
Unlovely, turbulent, distressed.
Music wears her grief with joy,
Holding her pain a merest toy
And dancing with unruffled hair
On the dancing-floor of her despair.

Marie Bashkirtseff, Artist Manqué

Marie Bashkirtseff. The Journal of a Young Artist, 1860-1884. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. New and Revised Edition. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

TO reread the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff is to become aware of the fact that there are fashions in souls. To a generation eager to take at their face value the raptures and despairs of a facilely romantic nature she seemed an astounding phenomenon, but in this age which has its own spiritual fashions she seems almost as faded as the pictures which she and her contemporaries painted. A little before she came to the end of her page the sense of impending death, ceasing to be a romantic fancy and become a desperate certitude, deepened her tone, but death is the only reality in all the journal of which we can be quite sure. Of places or of persons other than herself she tells us nothing that is not utterly commonplace, and she dramatized herself too constantly ever to have achieved that self-knowledge which she fancied she desired. Doubtless her diary, written with the avowed purpose of assuring her fame in the event that her painting should not be remembered, is nowhere deliberately disingenuous, but if she does not deceive others she deceived herself.

Born of wealthy parents and dragged at an early age from city to city over the face of Europe, extravagantly praised for everything she did, and accustomed from her earliest memory to believe that she was destined for great things, Marie was a typical spoiled child. At the age of twelve, when the published portion of her diary begins, she was already cultivating her sensibilities and noting with pride the tears which fell as she wrote. At the same age she was uttering passionate prayers to God that her vanities might be gratified, and she remained to the day of her death less proud in any noble sense than merely vain. "I must be either the Duchess of H— or become famous on the stage" she wrote, and this childish thirst for a distinction of some kind, no matter what, is the key to her character.

A snob who would be satisfied with nothing less than greatness in both the world of fashion and the world of art, she could not endure the thought that any circle should fail to respect her. Incapable of love, she constantly dreamed of inspiring a desperate passion in some resplendent person; she devoted a preposterous amount of time to her toilet; and she postured in her diary, constantly trying to feel some remarkable feeling or think some remarkable thought. And yet we have, throughout, not emotions struggling for expression but words whipping up an emotion to meet them. She admired whatever it was correct to admire and she doubtless believed in the distinction of her own perceptions, but when she wishes to be

poetic she seldom gets further than an "Oh, Rome! Oh, Naples!" and her criticism of art never gets beyond the stage of her remark, apropos of Bastien-Lepage, "This is not art, but Nature herself." Tuberculosis, apparently active long before it was suspected, gave her that hectic eagerness which has been remarked in others with the same affliction, and she had read a good many romantic novels, including those of Ouida (whom she admired), but if the influences of disease and cheap fiction were taken away not a great deal would remain. The pictures which she managed to paint were only mildly distinguished performances in an insipid tradition and her diary contains no observations which are in themselves memorable.

Doubtless an egotism such as hers has often served as the driving force behind artistic achievement, but it does not in itself constitute genius. Her ambition never really focused itself, never really went to work upon any specific thing. The desire to be famous never translated itself, as it sometimes does, into a desire to perform a great work, but remained a purely personal vanity. She never forgot herself in her art, never dreamed of a picture whose chief function was not to confer greatness upon her, and by that fact she is damned. She remained an artist manqué because she was never really interested in art.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Beatrice Webb as Beatrice Potter

My Apprenticeship. By Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green and Company. \$6.

THE ancestry of Beatrice Webb was a highly representative compound. Her father was Richard Potter, typically English from the west country, for many years chairman of the Canadian Grand Trunk, one of the earliest of those "capitalists at large" who have since come to rule the world. Liberal in spirit, he was conservative in politics, happy and energetic, and idolized by his nine daughters, of whom Beatrice was the eighth. According to his friend Herbert Spencer, whose theories and reasoning he good-humoredly despised, Richard Potter was the most lovable of human beings. His wife was a scholar and a gentlewoman, who learned a dozen languages for fun. Wanting sons, she could make little of her daughters. They were original and self-willed; they refused to be educated, but none the less fulfilled the family destiny by making a series of splendid marriages.

Always deeply introspective, Beatrice Potter kept a journal from childhood, and from her seventeenth year with remarkable fulness and regularity. The passages here quoted reveal this remarkable girl, encouraged by the best of fathers, reading where she pleased, and thinking in perfect freedom; and yet, at the time of her confirmation in the Anglican church, entering into a spiritual life wherein a deep skepticism contended with a vein of mysticism which survived all her most searching experiences. We see her in the early twenties playing uneasily and critically on the edge of London society, seeking painfully, through occasional gloom and constant frustration, for a guiding principle and purpose, for a creed and a craft. We see her tempted for a while by the political scene—loathing Gladstone, and being attracted by Joseph Chamberlain, seeing in the latter a destroying enemy of the Victorian Liberalism with which she never knew a moment's sympathy. We see her, as she is nearing thirty, freed from family obligation, feeling after the new calling of social investigator, coming at the precisely right moment under the tutelage of Charles Booth, then starting upon his classic survey of the "Life and Labor of the People of London," the book in which all modern surveys have their source. We see her mastering the Booth method, and applying it in the tenements and sweatshops of East London, and later among the cooperative societies of the North of England.

It was the search for an alternative to capitalism which carried Beatrice Potter into the study of the cooperative movement, that characteristic product of the English working classes. After toiling through masses of its deadly records, she found her way to a Lancashire cotton town, and, without revealing her identity, made friends with some of her own kinsfolk who had remained in the ancestral region. In letters to her father she drew charming pictures of the strong and simple life of the factory operatives and cooperators, noting in particular their preoccupation with Bible religion and the steady influence of nonconformist church life in the mechanism and habits of local self-government.

The history of consumers' cooperation was a virgin field, and to this investigator, as it happened, the lack of historical training proved to be a providential circumstance. It drove her to seek the aid of an authority, and a friendly finger pointed to Sidney Webb, then the encyclopedic director of the youthful Fabian Society. They met, and she appealed for help. It was forthcoming with the immediacy, the order, and the copiousness which a generation of students and public workers have learned to think of as the triple mark of Sidney Webb. Pamphlets and memoranda, the author of "My Apprenticeship" sedately implies, were a prelude to Rossetti and Keats and flowing afternoons in Epping Forest—notwithstanding that, according to an emphatic early statement in the record, the receptive member of this wonderful partnership was "poetry-blind."

Mrs. Webb quotes H. W. Nevins as saying of her brilliant young womanhood, "a rather hard and learned woman, with a clear and analytic mind," concerned with the condition of "an undefined and unimaginable class" rather than with the individual case. This is the familiar case against the Webbs. Does Mrs. Webb admit it? Not only so; she accepts and triumphantly answers it: "To me a million sick have always seemed actually more worthy of self-sacrificing devotion than the 'child sick in a fever' preferred by Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh." That, surely, for the modern citizen, is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance. S. K. RATCLIFFE

Why Work?

Incentives in the New Industrial Order. By J. A. Hobson.

Thomas Seltzer. \$1.75.

Free Thought in the Social Sciences. By J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

WHAT a remarkable record of productive scholarship Hobson has to his credit! Extending over a period of forty years and embodied in more than a score of substantial volumes, not to speak of innumerable reviews and newspaper articles, his work reveals throughout a mind keen to detect the defects, to puncture the fallacies of current doctrinaire explanations, but as eager to modify his own previous positions if the evidence no longer supports them. In his two latest books we have perhaps not his most distinctive work, but certainly the ripened fruit of his scholarship and thought on as important and intriguing subjects as any he has previously treated.

More perhaps than any other contemporary economist, Hobson effectively uses the newer psychology as an auxiliary. If an effective, it is also a dangerous weapon, so long as the battle of the psychologists continues. In employing an apparatus of instincts after McDougall, he lays himself open to the shafts of the behaviorist school.

The suggestive little volume on "Incentives in the New Industrial Order" portrays the collapse of the old order, already shaken to its foundations before the war, and in the last decade really crumbling before our eyes.

Autocracy has failed in industry, as it has failed in politics. The democratic institutions which have displaced it in the latter sphere have plenty of faults. But nobody seriously regards it as practicable to return to the auto-

cratic state. Absolute government did work in industry, it may continue to work in some countries, and in some industries here. But it has broken down in the larger departments of great capitalism, and must be replaced by methods better adjusted to the psychology of the new situation.

Mr. Hobson believes that in new and yet unstabilized industries, where risk is great and the requirement for large creative imagination imperative, the incentives of large profits must be preserved; here the competitive system may be expected to continue. But those basic and essential industries which are proposed for nationalization have already attained a sufficiently stable and routine character to dispense with the high measure of initiative and enterprise which is so indispensable for success in the newer and less developed type. Furthermore, "a great deal of this initiative and enterprise has no rightful place in socialized industry, being directed either to the achievement of profitable victories over trade competitors or the establishment of a monopolistic power to tax consumers or to the performance of successful coups in the financial sphere." But certainly some creative and progressive qualities must always be required even in public services, however stable, and these he believes will be secured from men "who combine them with a keen public spirit and a high regard for such distinction as the public services can be made to afford." May not, indeed, as R. H. Tawney has suggested, a different value scheme emerge in the new regime which will adequately supply the effective motives for industry? If it be said that this means a change in human nature, the answer is that human nature is a most changeable phenomenon and has always responded to the system of institutions with which it is confronted. Certainly the medieval man reacted to different incentives and revealed different motives than the man of today. The unchangeable character of human nature is one of the fictions which modern psychology is dissolving.

In "Free Thought in the Social Sciences" Mr. Hobson discusses particularly the trammels to which the social sciences are subjected from their intimate connection with concrete interests. A disinterested pursuit of knowledge is possible only in such abstract areas of investigation as mathematics, where the active tide of human affairs is not felt. A purely objective approach to social phenomena is impossible. In describing the rise of political economy, in tracing the development of the neo-classical school, in effectively criticizing the theory of marginalism, the author clearly shows how interest has at every turn prevented the dry light of science from shining undimmed. And the same perverting influence of interest is quite as noticeable in the more recent systems of welfare and proletarian economics. In the field of politics also there are identical obstacles to a disinterested study of the facts. "If such great minds as those of Plato and Aristotle could not disentangle themselves from current Greek sentiment toward barbarians, slaves, women, how could it be expected that modern political teachers, from Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Locke to Rousseau and Hegel, Mill, Spencer, and Bryce, should escape the emotional entanglements of their time and country in the pursuance of their 'science'?"

Is, then, the hope for an effective and disinterested social science futile? Characteristically Mr. Hobson looks to psychology to provide the weapon with which successful resistance may be made to the inimical forces of special interest. An understanding of the nature and method of these forces, which psychology is already providing us, must liberate new powers on the side of "idle curiosity" and reveal the means of "keeping clean the intellectual instruments." By elevating to its just place the instinct of "idle curiosity"; by emancipating the social sciences from the service of the fighting, the self-assertive, the acquisitive instincts, a juster balance, a truer harmony may be attained in the life and conduct of society. In the long run truth must prevail because it is more pleasing than falsehood.

To many this must appear a futile hope. But psychology

possesses one great advantage in its definite foundation in the objective facts of biology. When the clouds of war have cleared away, it ought to be able to supply the inductive and disinterested approach to social problems which hitherto has been lacking. In the meantime we can at least envisage those problems more clearly in psychological terms than in the outworn and empty categories of economic law.

WALTER JAMES SHEPARD

A True Epic

The Worm Ouroboros. By E. R. Eddison. A. and C. Boni. \$3.

"THE Worm Ouroboros" represents a curious voyage in the antique. Mr. Eddison has dipped his hand in many a treasury. The Iliad, the Odyssey, the Ramayana, the Norse sagas (Burnt Njal, especially), Chaucer, Malory, Thomas Browne, medieval bestiaries and lapidaries, Anglo-Saxon charms, Elizabethan chap-books, the romances of the Middle Ages: all seem to have been laid under contribution. A rigorously conceived epic, the interest lies purely in the narrative. As Mr. Cabell notes in his preface, there is no hint of allegory, hardly even a suspicion of humor. The classical exigencies of the epic—that it shall involve a battle between two great powers, that our attention shall be particularly directed to the feats of one hero, that this hero shall emerge victor after a series of adventures mounting in complexity, that there shall be divine intrusion at one point at least of the story, and that the viewpoint of the author, if at all intimated, shall be conveyed by exaggeration rather than irony—all of these requirements are complied with. To give his narrative the appearance of pure romance, Mr. Eddison has nonchalantly indicated the scene of the action as the planet Mercury and has invented names utterly thrilling in their remoteness—Lord Juss, Queen Prezmymra, Brandoch Daha, Gorice the Twelfth, the mountain Koshtra Pivrarcha, and the city of Melikaphkaz!

Much of the style is unabashedly synthetic, but a chapter like that recounting the marvelous ascent of Koshtra Pivrarcha has a poetic boldness and masculinity that finds its meet parallels in Blake and Ossian. There is nothing of Mr. Cabell's pre-Raphaelitism: Mr. Eddison's affinities are with Snorri Sturluson and the Northern skalds. The narrative is prettily complicated and as prettily resolved, and though James Stephens's characterization of it as a masterpiece of English literature sounds like a Celtic exaggeration there can be little doubt that such fierce energy, such sheer story-telling ability is of extreme rarity. There are arid stretches; the copiousness of the style has an occasional smothering effect; the book is rather *faite* in the French sense than created in the English one; but how much may we not forgive a man of such primitive generosity that in this day, when analytical subtlety seems king, he dares to dower us with 450 pages of what "is neither allegory nor fable but a Story to be read for its own sake"?

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Roots of the Modern State

The Political Consequences of the Reformation. By R. H. Murray. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

THE period of the Reformation is a seminal period in the history of the modern nation-state. It marked the final eclipse of the medieval quest for unity. It witnessed the definitive end of universal dominion under pope and emperor. The nation-state alone then emerged as the ultimate social bond. To a Frenchman, a Spaniard, or an Englishman, the pope and emperor became merely foreigners. Assuredly this development is reflected in the political speculation of the period. In political thought the period began with the audacities of Machiavelli, and it almost ended with that *livre de circonstance*, the "Répub-

lique" of Bodin. The former deals with political art, the latter with political science. Yet both theory and fact, art and science, pointed to the rise of national particularism.

Mr. Murray's book on the political thought of the Reformation is hence of interest. In a brief introduction Mr. Murray analyzes the intellectual ferment of the period preceding the Reformation. He then frowns upon Machiavelli, but recognizes his historic significance. He shows how Luther crowned the state with divine sanction and how he was ultimately instrumental in making men more solicitous about the security of their country than about the safety of their souls. Calvin's importance, he finds, rests not on his theory but on its special application by his disciples. He regards Bodin and his "République" highly, for Bodin apprehended the practical convenience of an omni-competent state in a world riven by the strife of sectaries. He traces the anti-monarchical theories of the Protestant and Catholic writers, but he questions the sincerity of the latter because they were less democrats than Catholics. He concludes with a review of such British writers as Sir Thomas More, George Buchanan, and Richard Hooker.

Mr. Murray's approach to his problem is that of the historian rather than that of the political philosopher. The historian emphasizes casual sequence, the philosopher stresses values. Our author is concerned mainly with the historical continuity of a particular idea, with the influence of one writer upon another, and with the impact of a historic fact upon a political thought. Luther's predecessors and Calvin's successors are carefully analyzed. But the problems of a world where the main concern was with the relationship of a supernatural religion to a secular state are not applied to a world where loyalty to the state has in itself become a religion.

LEWIS ROCKOW

Toward Intellectual Emancipation

The Limitations of Victory. By Alfred Fabre-Luce. Translated by Constance Vesey. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

M. FABRE-LUCE'S book will retain its importance after most books on the origins of the war have become hopelessly out of date. It is rather an essay on the abortive peace than a treatise on the origins of the war, but the larger part of the volume is taken up by a discussion of the crisis which led to the catastrophe. M. Fabre-Luce, who published an earlier essay on the crisis of the alliances (*La Crise des Alliances*), has come to the conclusion that the ills which have afflicted Europe since the armistice are in large part traceable to moral causes. The peace was born with a curse upon it.

Any sane person will admit now that the peace treaties were largely a product of the abnormal war psychology. The idea of attempting to shoulder one belligerent with sole responsibility for a world cataclysm seems to us as ridiculous as some of the peace terms were absurd. M. Fabre-Luce is convinced that there can be no real peace until the problem of war origins is examined and aired, until the average intelligent person, enlightened, has revised his notions and reformed his judgment. His book is intended as a "work of intellectual emancipation" and there is a highly interesting introductory chapter in which the methods of war propaganda are outlined and the story of the evolution of historical opinion on the problem is recapitulated.

Two phrases which stick in the memory serve well as summary of M. Fabre-Luce's conclusions: "Germany and Austria made the gestures which rendered the war possible. The Triple Entente made those which rendered it certain"; "The only excuse for the Central Empires is that they gave peace some chances; the mistake the Entente made was in not taking advantage of them." The author by no means exonerates the Central Powers. In his opinion they set the pace and so imparted to the crisis that mark of precipitation, and haste

which was in part at least responsible for the fatal outcome.

The dispassionate tone, the genuine scholarship, the breadth of view, and the keenness of insight displayed in this volume are truly remarkable. Considering the youth of the author one marvels at the sureness with which he introduces factors of a psychological nature. He can see that though the acts of a statesman may have been mistaken, though they may be damaging evidence of lack of statesmanship itself, though, in fact, they may have been instrumental in precipitating the conflict, yet they need not necessarily imply criminal intent. On the major issues his conclusions, reached by an independent line of approach and by original research in the source material, are substantially in agreement with those of the leading writers of the revisionist school. Reduced to the lowest common denominator, the war was the result of the unfortunate concatenation of circumstances in the Near East, with the resultant revival of the Austro-Russian antagonism, the revivification and "Balkanization" of the two alliance groups, the undue haste of Austria and Germany after the assassination of the Archduke, creating an atmosphere of feverish alarm and anxiety, and, finally, the Russian mobilization, which made the maintenance of peace impossible. One comes away from a perusal of the book with a renewed feeling that, in the last count, the history of German foreign policy after Bismark's fall is the history of a series of blunders. She had little to gain and much to lose by war, while with France and Russia the converse was true. So far as we can see at the present the ill-will was on the side of the allies of 1893. The German blunders proved fatal because France and Russia were ready to take advantage of them.

WILLIAM L. LANGER

Armenia and Africa

The Mythology of All Races. Volume VII: Armenian. By Mar-diros H. Ananikian; *African.* By Alice Werner. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. \$8.

THE mythology of the world is an obstreperous thing to edit. The policy of this thirteen-volume series has been to allow each compiler and commentator a free hand with his material, whatever his special idea of the function of folklore studies. In this latest volume the two surveys of Armenian and African mythology have nothing but the name in common. The one itemizes the characters of the Armenian pantheon as they are described in old religious texts, commenting on Semitic and Iranian origins. The plots in which they figure, Aramazd and Anahit, Ba'al Shamin and Nane, only occasionally and casually come in for comment. But this is precisely where the interest of the student of folklore lies. Every people has made over for itself the widely disseminated material of mythology and fitted it to the local pantheon.

The present discussion of African mythology is written by an outstanding authority on the Bantu languages who has herself gathered folklore in Africa in the native tongue. It is running commentary with illustrative synopses of tales, and it covers fairly well the types of traditional material that are current in Africa. For the explorer into strange patterns and curious by-ways the stories will be their own justification and the comment mostly gratuitous. Unfortunately, our English publishers have never provided a series such as the German "Märchen der Weltliteratur," where the stories are given un-mutilated and the editors' duties have been only to select the most telling or the most illuminating among the available variants. It is a wise limitation; nobody who has yet tried it has improved upon the naive charm of the native story-tellers, and even free renderings of interpreters do not give the delight of text translations such as those in Rattray's "Hausa Folklore."

For the student of world mythology Professor Werner's comments are a strain on credulity. It is her article of faith that African mythology, except for insignificant exceptions, is

indigenous and uninfluenced by European elements. If that is so, the output of the human mind is circumscribed in trivial boundaries; must it throw off among the Hottentot the reynard the fox tale of the lion's illness, even to the jackal's prescription that the king be wrapped in the warm skin of his enemy, the hyena? Or accumulative tales with the familiar water-fire-wood-dog-cat-mouse sequences of our childhood? Even the human tales of Africa, however alien the cultural details, are built upon the familiar motives of the False Bride and Frau Holle and Rumpelstilzchen, and the great proportion of tales are as familiar as the one of the loss of the magic spoon—which we knew as the tablecloth—followed by the loss of the magic cudgel that soundly beats the thieves. It is not in such uniformity that the human mind works uninfluenced from without. We have only to explore the American continents and the South Seas to determine the degree of difference.

At whatever period in history, African folklore was deep-dyed in Indian-European elements. It may be that it is a part of a great myth-area that comprises India, Europe, and Africa, and that it is only in consequence of that old term, "the Dark Continent," that we are blind to age-long infiltrations. Or it may be that five centuries of Portuguese-Spanish influence have supplanted an older mythology which has left its traces chiefly in some stories of creation and of the origin of death. Very likely it is the latter. Certainly the student of folklore can no longer set down to the inevitable action of the human brain such a vast accumulation of similarity in trivial plot-detail as unites the tales of Africa and Europe.

Once recognized, does this relationship not rather add to than detract from the curious charm of this African folk-art? Tales that we have thought trivial or wearisome in our collections are here seen with fresh eyes by men to whom story-telling is an exciting profession. They are turned to new and racy point, hit off with curious or barbaric detail. They have not deteriorated in the transplantation.

RUTH BENEDICT

Roustan in English

The Pioneers of the French Revolution. By M. Roustan. Translated by Frederic Whyte. With an Introduction by Harold J. Laski. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

TO a student of the Ancient Regime who has been reared in the school of Aulard, Sée, Becker, Dunning, and a host of other contemporary writers on the eighteenth century it comes somewhat as a surprise that there should ever have existed a doubt that Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, the Encyclopedists, and the other *philosophes* of the *Aufklärung* were the Fathers of the French Revolution. However, after reading Mr. Laski's introduction to the present volume and the author's own preface, one recalls vaguely that Rocquain did maintain that the *esprit révolutionnaire* sprang into being long before the outbreak of the revolution and that Faguet did say of the eighteenth century that it was "singularly pale between the age that preceded it and that which followed it." There was good reason, then, why Roustan, twenty years ago, should have taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Age of Enlightenment and written his "Les Philosophes et la Société Française au XVIII^e Siècle" to establish not only the superiority of the eighteenth century over the seventeenth but also the direct descent of the revolution from the *philosophes*.

If, however, the only merit of M. Roustan's work is that he proves his theses, it is tilting with windmills to translate it into English in the present year of grace, when no outstanding student of the eighteenth century questions the legitimacy of the parentage of Voltaire and his confrères. The justification of this belated translation lies in the fact that the book not only presents a most thoroughly informed survey of the society of the Ancient Regime as examined through the eyes of the men

of letters of the period but also presents that survey in a limpid and eloquent style that alone assures it a place in the literature of history. While the author has used the memoirs and the political writings of the *philosophes* almost exclusively as his sources of information, his conclusions are not very different from the findings of more recent scholars who, like Marion and Sée, have laboriously groveled among *cahiers*, provincial archives, and institutional statistics, and today stand in need of no essential revision. Several questions that even at this late date are in dispute find plausible answers in the present volume: why, for example, the *philosophes* conceded to Louis XV his title of *Bien Aimé* despite all the suffering he brought upon his people; how Mme du Barry aided the cause of enlightenment by her active opposition no less than Mme de Pompadour by her active support; how the nobility both of the sword and of the robe aligned themselves almost unwillingly on the side of the Encyclopedists; why the financier of the eighteenth century was a more pleasant and intelligent fellow than his colleague of the preceding century; how the ideas of the *philosophes* spread among the poorest classes of society even though they were illiterate and submerged.

One's only sense of irritation is over the liberties the translator has taken. He has freely omitted passages, not alone for the purpose of condensation but sometimes in the cause of expurgation. He has also added numerous footnotes without taking the trouble to indicate which are his and which the author's—a process especially confusing when he makes errors such as giving the dates of the younger Mirabeau when it is clearly the elder Mirabeau that the text means. Still the translator and the editor deserve praise and thanks. This—the first of a series of books on social and political thought in Europe from the Middle Ages to the present time to be edited by Mr. Laski—is an eminently happy beginning.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Easy Going

Flight. By Walter White. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

ANY number of difficulties beset the path of Mr. White's heroine, but the flight is theirs, not hers. The novelist depicts the life of a sensitive child of Creole blood transplanted from New Orleans to an uncongenial environment in the black belt of Atlanta, and traces her subsequent career in Philadelphia and New York. But at each turn of the narrative where one looks for a definite crisis in the antagonisms from which the story is built up the clash is averted. As Mimi Daquin advances her problems melt like snowflakes on a coat sleeve, and—like snowflakes—one quickly forgets their pattern and almost doubts that they existed.

Mimi has the faculty of averting every crisis simply by brushing past it to meet a new one. When she is betrayed she espouses feminism instead of the man and chooses the role of unmarried mother. When her child becomes a problem she places him in a home—without mentioning his race—and he is quite out of the story after that, except as a motif. When the gossip of her own people follows her, she escapes it by affiliating with the white race. And when business success and a brilliant marriage ensue with almost clocklike smoothness, she hearkens to the call of her own blood once more. Whereupon she simply walks out of the house—a “song in her heart as she happily strode through the dawn, the rays of the morning sun dancing lightly upon the more brilliant gold of her hair”—closing her eyes (with the author's connivance) upon a whole new set of problems resting on her doorstep. This, while it does not alter the significance or the sincerity of the novel, somewhat mars a sense of its reality. Woven into the texture of the story is a study of the development of Negro life in contact with American urban civilization, and here the work of the novelist is notably vivid and comprehensive.

LISLE BELL

Entertaining Persiflage

The Sacred Giraffe. Being the Second Volume of the Posthumous Works of Julio Arceval. Edited by Salvador de Madariaga. London: Martin Hopkinson and Company, Ltd. 10/6.

MR. DE MADARIAGA'S conception is quite ambitious, but his execution, one must reluctantly confess, is rather humble. Here were the possibilities of a truly great satire on modern civilization—or on civilization in general. Imagine archaeologists of the future excavating in America and Asia for the relics of a civilization said to have had its seat in a lost continent which a persistent tradition calls Europe. What picture of our culture will they construct from what they find? The result, reported by Doctress Bela to a notable gathering of Ebonite scholars and their husbands, is extremely diverting. The solid arguments which the doctress forwards to prove that Oxford was really the author of the poems hitherto attributed to Chaucer and Milton and Shakespeare and Kipling, and not, as some Ebonite scholars are inclined to believe, a person or firm responsible for their collection, is a mild satire on our efforts to reconstruct the past from insufficient data. But amusing as all these fanciful details are by themselves, they are incapable of making a book. The important thing is not what the Ebonites think of us but what Mr. De Madariaga thinks of them and of us.

From this angle Mr. De Madariaga's book leaves a great deal to be desired. He sees civilization as a futile, amusing, often boring expenditure of human effort. He sees history as a repetitious tale told by an idler. No matter how it manifests itself, it is always the same old story. Human nature being unchangeable, progress is really the substitution of one social mannerism for another. Civilizations do not really differ essentially; what characterizes them is their style. Here we have a pessimistic attitude big enough to serve as the basis of a philosophy, and therefore solid enough to serve as the skeleton for a satire. So that the reader must reproach Mr. De Madariaga for his lost opportunities. Enmeshed in a great many clever fancies of minor importance, he has failed to carry out the idea dramatically in all its possible significance. The incidents in which he has chosen to give it artistic life are inconsequential and the follies he has chosen to satirize are trivial. Intent on them, he has not seen the tragic comedy of civilization as a whole.

On the other hand, he cannot be accused of dullness. Those who are acquainted with his books of criticism know that he possesses a mind remarkable for the fine integration of scholarship and fancy, culture and urbanity which it has attained. These qualities he now displays at their best in his new medium. And he has buttressed them gracefully with a homely wisdom expressed in parables and proverbs the salt and reasonableness of which recall his immortal countryman Sancho Panza. Had he been writing fairy tales one would have no quarrel with him whatsoever.

ELISEO VIVAS

The Spirituality of Roughnecks

The Torrents of Spring. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY says he wrote this novel in ten days, and there is no reason for believing that Mr. Hemingway, besides being the best contemporary writer of eighteenth-century prose, is also a liar. The novel is short. But it would have done him or anybody else much credit had its author labored with its perfect style (perfect within honorable limitations) for ten months. “The Torrents of Spring” differs in important features from Mr. Hemingway's first American volume, published last autumn; its differences from “In Our

Time" spring from a basically different intention. "In Our Time" is naturalistic fiction done for purely creative ends. "The Torrents of Spring" grew out of a motive a little this side of that; its motive is satire and, if one may produce an undemonstrable but wholly convincing bit of internal evidence, its object is Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter."

"Pamela" is still worth reading; "Joseph Andrews" is better worth reading. "Dark Laughter" is a good novel, but, like "Pamela," it contains emotion in excess of the facts, and "The Torrents of Spring" is better worth reading. Lacking, as Fielding did in "Joseph Andrews," a motive originally creative, Mr. Hemingway has nevertheless written a novel which is on its own account, irrespective of momentary aim, a small masterpiece of American fiction.

Mr. Hemingway's consistently limited performance is not generally due to missed intention. He knows what he wishes to do; he usually does it. His intention is fundamentally opposed to any other naturalism of the age. He gets his effects not by complete documentation but by the avoidance of explanatory statement; he keeps his explicit knowledge of the characters exactly equal to the reader's knowledge. Neither do the characters ever rationalize or generalize their successive predicaments. His naturalism is a modified naturalism, and its principles have become more and more unfamiliar since the influence of Zola caught up with the more difficult method of "Bouvard et Pecuchet" and obscured it; while Zola has actually instructed the American novel since Frank Norris, Flaubert has been simply admired. Mr. Hemingway, apparently careless about the choice of material, exercises the greatest zeal in isolating its significant aspects; his selective naturalism achieves its effects through indirect irony, the irony of suppressed comment. Few of his characters are fools; all of them are Bouvards and Pecuchets in that their conduct is so arranged as to rouse the reader's sense of value to the appropriate judgment of it, while they are themselves immersed in a "pure present" and lack the power of generalizing it at all. "In Our Time" proved Hemingway to be a master of this irony. It is an irony pre-eminently fitted for sustained satire of the sort conspicuous in Defoe and Swift, and Hemingway's success with it in "The Torrents of Spring" is a triumph, but not a surprise.

The material of the story is slight and insignificant in outline; a summary would be impertinent here. But Scripps O'Neil, Mrs. Scripps, Yogi Johnson, the big Indian and the little Indian, "Brown's Beanery the Best by Test," the drinking club of the educated Indians whence Yogi hears the "dark Negro laughter" of the ebony bartender after he is kicked out for being not an Indian but a Swede—these characters and places focus the best genial satire of the "spirituality" of rough-necks, the most deftly tempered ribaldry, and the most economically realized humor of disproportion that this reviewer has read in American prose.

ALLEN TATE

Books in Brief

The Theories of Instinct: A Study in the History of Psychology. By E. C. Wilm. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

The plan of writing the history of the leading concepts in psychology is a good one, and Mr. Wilm has done about all that could be done to tell the story of how thinkers of other days and other ways thought about instinct. He realizes that until modern, even recent, days the topic was a subordinate one, finding treatment as it reinforced or could be assimilated with philosophical doctrines that held the center of the stage. The omnivorous interests of the Greeks included tangential considerations. Was the cosmos a blind or a designed construction? Instinct as an accomplishment of ends without conscious appreciation of means (or with it) was a favorite means of reinforcing cosmic philosophies, bent in diverse moods upon reconciling religion and science. It is only in the doctrines of

Reimarus, an early sixteenth-century philosopher, that there appears a definite recognition of what the problem signifies in its own right. Other phases born of a growing psychological insight had to appear and disappear before the modern approach, for which the doctrine of evolution was indispensable, could assert its sway. The philosophical implications remain. The pessimistic interpretations of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, no less than the creative intelligence of Bergson, are rooted in views of the functions of instinct; and the same close association with the authentically natural and unconscious appears in the Freudian position. The distinctively recent interest is in tracing the play of urges, acting after the pattern of instincts and thus derived, upon the motives that keep the human world alive and so variously busy. It is upon the historical development that Mr. Wilm concentrates his convenient and critically executed history.

Education in Soviet Russia. By Scott Nearing. International Publishers. \$1.50.

For once Mr. Nearing pleads no cause. But he is obviously impressed with what he describes as one of the most vital educational experiments the world has ever known. This brief treatise upon the unique and conscientious attempt at mass education by the Soviet Government is written from the standpoint of the educator rather than the economist, and deals solely with the complex school system. As yet, Russia is a vast educational laboratory. The Russians themselves are aware of its tentative nature. They welcome criticism. Mr. Nearing finds a pitiful paucity of equipment and teachers, yet at the same time an indomitable eagerness, both on the part of the workers and the educators, for a free unified education, a wholesale dissemination of "socialized culture." The prevalent belief seems to be that such ends can be achieved only through a system or plan which awakens in the student a consciousness of himself as a functioning social unit. The Dalton Plan was abandoned in favor of group study maintained in close liaison with industrial and community life, and most of the academic programs are devised and carried out by student organizations under the jurisdiction of the Pioneer or Young Communist groups. Mr. Nearing's report is thoughtful and cautious, and makes no pretense at conclusiveness.

Hunting and Adventure in the Arctic. By Fridtjof Nansen. Duffield and Company. \$4.

Anything Nansen may write is bound to have value and to be interesting. The present volume relates the story of his first entrance into the icy regions where later he accomplished so much basic work. Besides the running tale of what happened to him and the good ship Viking, Nansen naturally impresses every page with a profound knowledge gained afterwards; consequently the book is far more important than at first glance would appear.

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International Relations Section

Danish Trade Unionists Report on Russia

By MARIUS HANSOME

FOR some years students and itinerant delegations from Russia visited Denmark to study the technique of Danish agricultural and cooperative activities. Meanwhile Danish industry and commerce have been tardy in reestablishing connections with their Eastern neighbor. Danish labor, too, in common with the majority of Western European labor groups, has been wary of the Bolshevik regime. Last fall, however, at the invitation of M. Tomskey, president of the Central Executive of the Russian Federation of Trade Unions, seventeen representatives of fifteen Danish labor unions visited Russia, to study conditions and observe what results had been obtained for the working class.

Of the seventeen members of the delegation eleven were Social Democrats, three were Communists, while three were unaffiliated politically. Frederik Nygaard, poet and author, represented the intellectuals in the Studentersamfund. The findings of the delegation have been brought together in a volume, "What We Saw in Soviet Russia," which was published in Copenhagen early in 1926.

"We who went to Russia as Social Democrats," said Chr. Bruun, delegate from the Molders' Union, in an interview published shortly after his return, "have not been converted to 100 per cent Communism. Though we are agreeably surprised at the amazing accomplishments in the cultural and industrial activities of Soviet Russia, yet many features strike a person from a freer democratic country a bit discordantly."

He deplored particularly the restraints on civil liberties, press, and speech, the almost fanatical deification of Lenin, and armed detachments of soldiers at factory gates. Russia gives tender consideration to women in confinement, allowing full pay for a period of eight weeks. However, it is not uncommon to see women perform the hardest and coarsest work, such as bricklaying and blacksmithing. Why this seeming paradox surprised the Danes, it is hard to say, unless, as highly skilled tradesmen and city dwellers, they do not know the life of many Danish peasant women. Bruun continues:

We are of one mind in this particular, that a bourgeois reaction in Russia must be prevented at all costs, if we do not wish to weaken the cause of labor everywhere. On this matter Western European labor must be determined. And we Social Democrats of the delegation are in agreement further that labor throughout the world must rally to the cause of unity and solidarity; we must present a solid international front against capitalism and reaction, whose designs are the same in all lands.

The delegation went from Leningrad to the Caspian Sea, through the Caucasus to the Black Sea, into the Ukraine and to the large industrial centers, and, finally, via Moscow back to Helsingfors. Since space forbids an adequate summary of the entire survey, it may be interesting to quote sections of the report on such points as the Russian unions and strikes, their political activity, and the special meeting to discuss international trade-union unity.

UNIONS AND STRIKES

Russian heavy industries are directed by the state and the method of solving disputes is by mutual agreement and arbitration between the workers and the Government.

Conflicts arise only where the industrial life has been interrupted by imperialistic or civil wars on the one hand and bureaucratic misunderstanding on the other. In both instances these conflicts can be solved peacefully when labor understands the economic situation, and the Government together with the unions usually terminates any abnormal condition without resort to strikes.

Improved working conditions as a result of the rebuilding of industry have led to a marked decrease in the number of strikes, the statistics from 1922 to 1925 showing a decrease from 3.8 per cent to 0.3 per cent calculated on the basis of the entire union membership.

The Russian unions regard a strike that leads to the interference with production as a less acceptable remedy for the solution of conflicts under the soviet system. . . . Strikes are usually of extremely short duration—the average loss of time during the past three years has been only twenty-seven days.

Arbitration was established as the normal method of settling industrial disputes by the All-Russian Trade Union Congress, which in 1924 agreed that

All unions shall avail themselves of arbitration as the normal method of solving industrial disputes. Arbitration insures full protection of the workers' interests and the forward movement of industry.

The percentage of decisions for and against labor as well as the compromise decisions reached in the arbitration courts is indicated in the following table for 1923-1924:

	To workers' interest per cent	Compromise per cent	Against workers per cent
1923	45.4	39.6	15.
1924	36.8	52.4	10.8

UNIONS AND POLITICAL ACTIVITY

The unions participate in the entire political life of the USSR. Many union leaders are members of foreign delegations, Tomskey in London, Sapronov in Geneva, etc. Unions also look after the welfare of the soldiers and sailors. They take a vigorous part in campaigns, and especially in cultural work. The latter is done through the clubs, of which USSR numbers 3,417 with a membership of 900,251 (601,412 men and 255,118 women). These clubs have divisions for sport, drama, choral singing, science, reading-rooms, etc. Of libraries (reading-rooms) there are 6,803 with 8,414,040 volumes and 1,175,714 borrowers. Every month 2,380,011 books are lent. The clubs also serve as schools, especially for illiterates. . . . Of this type of school there are 4,240 with 131,181 pupils, of whom 106,771 are adults. There are 4,500 divisions for physical culture with a membership of 350,000.

The union educational work deals not only with general culture but especially with union problems. The Central Executive conducts a school and library where more than one hundred active members are prepared for positions of leadership in the movement. Similar schools on a smaller scale are distributed throughout industrial cities. Propaganda among the masses is carried on in the clubs. There are between five and six thousand of such union circles.

That widespread ignorance exists among the general populace of Russia concerning conditions in other countries was delightfully illustrated in an address of welcome to the Danish delegation delivered by a woman in one of the provincial cities. She said: "During the Czar's regime none of us in the country villages could either read or write. Since the revolution many of the peasants can do both." Then pointing her finger directly at the well-set-up, educated labor leaders of Denmark, representing a highly literate and disciplined working class she remarked: "Now, when you go home, prepared to make a revolution in Denmark, then your peasants will also surely learn to read and write."

The labor federations conduct a powerful press.

Number of Union Newspapers in 1924

Dailies	5
Twice a week	10
Thrice a week	6
Weeklies	14
Bi-weeklies	3

Magazines and Periodicals.

Semi-monthlies	29
Monthlies	52
Others	7

In addition the various central executives of the unions issue numerous books and pamphlets dealing with the theoretical, practical, and historical phases of the trade-union movement.

CONFERENCE ON UNITY

In Moscow the Danish and Norwegian delegations met and it was agreed that a joint meeting with the Russian leaders should be held to discuss the question of the united front.

A stenographic record of this meeting is included in the report, but since the single address of M. Losovsky, the chief speaker, covers twenty-four pages of six-point type, we must limit this description to a bare outline.

Alfred Madsen, chairman of the Norwegian delegation, introduced Comrade Losovsky, general secretary of the Red Trade Union International. "The working class of the world is divided according to political, religious, national, and racial characteristics—an uneven spotted picture, and to bring unity into this picture is a colossal task," began Losovsky. He gave the following as reasons for existing divisions:

1. Bourgeois influence over the labor movement, e.g., the Hirsch-Dunckers.
2. The difference in class level within the working class, e.g., the aristocracy of the skilled and the plebeian unskilled.
3. The bourgeois political effort to secure a trade-union voting body (what the Germans call *Stimmvieh*) as a basis of its party.
4. Coalition of a part of the labor movement with the bourgeoisie.
5. Collaboration of certain labor groups with bourgeois international institutions, such as the League of Nations, International Labor Bureau, etc.
6. Violation of the principle of democracy within the trade unions toward virile minorities, e.g., exclusion from the A. F. of L. congress of a Communist for introducing a resolution on the recognition of Soviet Russia.

As hindrances to unity he cited the following points:

1. Rejection of democratic methods in the meeting of crises due to the inability of the leaders to adapt them-

selves to new ideas, new strategy, and to an acquired fear of the masses.

2. The belief of several of the leaders of the Amsterdam International in their inherent infallibility and life tenure of office, even to the point of making their position hereditary and self-perpetuating.

3. The feeling of superiority of Europeans toward non-Europeans—especially the Orientals; a superiority which reflects Europe's one-time financial and economic hegemony.

4. Unresponsive leadership; many leaders are mere excrescences on the body of labor. They are given to formalism, precedents, paragraphs, historical resolutions, instead of feeling the living processes, the growth of new facts.

5. The insidious development of bureaucratic centralism in place of democratic centralism.

6. All forms of collaboration with the bourgeoisie.

7. The failure of labor representatives in the League of Nations to protest against the wars in Morocco and Syria.

In summing up, Losovsky attempted to answer the question whether trade-union unity is possible as long as the political movement is divided.

It is possible only when the unions create an atmosphere in which there is frank and free discussion, while simultaneously submitting to discipline in the fight against capitalism. Can we create political unity by the liquidation of the conflict between reformism and communism? I do not think so. For these two theories are mutually exclusive. But we can create an organization in which the workers' interest can be defended against the common enemy. The Norwegian Labor Party points the way to such an organization. In the trade-union field we can point to the agreement between the English Trade Union Congress and the Red Trade Union International. I believe we should call an international congress with proportional representation from all lands for the purpose of discussing unity. In the event that the majority vote for the Second International then the minority must abide by the decision, with the privilege of agitation within the organization, and vice versa. We are ready for such a congress. Can it be done? Yes, if we so will. If we do not arrive at unity soon, the bourgeoisie will celebrate its victory over our graves.

Unity is not a problem in Russia. We have unity. We are smelted and forged and we hope to see the same united front in all other lands.

DISCUSSION

Alfred Madsen of the Norwegian delegation said:

I concur fully with Comrade Losovsky in the reasons he assigns for the split and the hindrances to unity. . . .

I believe that trade-union unity is possible without political unity. I do not believe that a social-democratic ideology can be brought into consonance with communism. I shall not dispute why the split came; what is of greater importance is the way to unity, and on this point Comrade Losovsky was a trifle weak. Unity lies along the lines of the work of the English-Russian Committee with whose decision the congress of the Norwegian Federation of Labor agreed unanimously.

Erick Jacobsen offered a resolution for the Danish delegation:

The Danish delegation adheres to all efforts in behalf of gathering the workers of the world in a common international through the summoning of a world congress, there to lay down such lines and rules as will be efficacious in the creation of a united front.

We are in agreement with the expressed principles of the English-Russian Committee. Our president of the Danish Federation of Labor, C. F. Madsen, voted for the English proposal to call a world congress at the last executive meeting of the Amsterdam International.

Our delegation is of the opinion, further, that new developments have created an understanding of the necessity of trade-union unity and that no real hindrances exist to a congress of the workers of the world convened to plan the war for proletarian emancipation and the taking over by labor of the productive industries of all lands.

In answer to the question what Russia would do in the event that the Amsterdam International refused to negotiate with the Russian unions Losovsky said:

Then we shall go ahead with our work until we reach our goal. There are many organizations outside of the Amsterdam International. Welding the working class together takes time. We must have patience and endurance. Even temporarily unsatisfactory results must not leave us pessimistic. That would be unfortunate for the labor movement. The problem is not to convert the conservative leaders of labor but to infect the masses with a desire for unity; when we get the masses with us it will of course be desirable to have the leaders come along; if the latter will not come with us, then the weak ones must go.

THE DELEGATION'S JOINT STATEMENT OF ITS IMPRESSIONS

After acknowledgment of the opportunities given the Danish delegation a unanimous statement proceeds:

The delegation has observed Russian industrial life widely, both in the large and smaller centers, above the earth and in its bowels, and we have received the definite impression that Russian industry in both its technical and its productive aspects is progressing vigorously, and with the intensive work that is being performed everywhere Russia will within a reasonable time be able to improve its economic life and heal the sores which revolution and famine have inflicted.

We heartily commend your educational work in the industries and in agriculture. We can only express wonder at the splendid improvement in your housing situation. It is gratifying to see the rising curve of cultural interest among the adults and we hope that you will continue your plans for elementary education.

We have been deeply impressed with the social welfare agencies, such as public eating places, vacation homes for workers, children's homes, convalescent homes and sanitariums—all of which materially aid the workers in bringing up their children, in achieving a bit of much-needed freedom, and above all provide the needed care and hygiene essential to periodic recuperation from exhausting and enervating toil and sickness. It also removes that capitalist cancer—the feeling of insecurity.

Viewed against the background of the Russian workers' social and cultural status under the Czars' and private capitalists' yoke, we are compelled to admit that stupendous progress has been made. May this progress continue in the same direction. We bespeak our sincerest respect for the heroism, sacrifices, sufferings of the Russian workers, who have endured terribly in order to reach the present result. . . .

We hope for your progressively peaceful reconstruction. We voice our earnest desire, and offer our services in accordance with our means, for the calling of a world congress where the Russian with the rest of the workers of the world may meet to effect a trade-union united front and thus push the fight against imperialism and international capitalism to a victory for the world of labor.

Long live international workers' unity!

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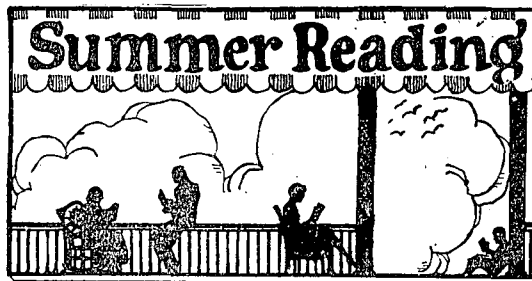
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ALLEN TATE is a poet and essayist living in New York.

Foreign Affairs

The English monthly journal, *Foreign Affairs*, was founded by the late E. D. Morel. Its present Editor is H. M. Swanwick.

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